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By Rev. E. P. Tenney
Received Oct 25. 1875

THE

B. H.

WASHINGTONIAN CHOIR.

PART FIRST.

8043, 66

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, GLEES, CATCHES AND CHORUSES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE OR ORGAN.

COMPOSED, SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND ADAPTED

TO THE CAUSE OF

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY

J. PLIMPTON.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by J. PLIMPTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

KIDDER AND WRIGHT, PRINTERS, 7 CORNHILL.

PREFACE.

In presenting the following work to the public, the author may be permitted to say, that since the adoption of the felicitous agency of minstrelsy in the glorious cause of Total Abstinence, he has observed the want in popular and religious assemblies, of a knowledge of the elements of musical science, applied to the poetry of the songs, glees, and choruses, that have been written for the occasion. In some temperance meetings, where there have been professional choirs engaged to conduct the singing, of course such want has not been noticed nor felt; but in many others, the audience has been requested to participate in the exercises, and the consequence has been, the mass being ignorant of the rudiments of the art, no harmony has been produced. It was with a view to obviate this difficulty, that this volume has been published. Its compiler supposed, that by the adaptation of many of the most popular secular airs, and well known sacred tunes, to the poetry written for temperance societies and meetings, in a work, whose low price might place it within the reach of those with the most limited means, he might subserve both the cause of science and temperance, by a more general diffusion of the knowledge of the science, than has hitherto taken place. He has, therefore, at considerable pecuniary cost, consumption of time, and great labor, prepared this volume for the use of all the friends of temperance, the Washingtonians in particular, and the community in general. It is an experiment on the public taste and liberality. He hopes it may succeed; for if music is now becoming an element of general education, its science ought to be somewhat known by those most zealous in promoting the temperance regeneration. Much of the following, is taken from the great masters without alteration, and the poetry adapted directly to it; where such occurs, credit has been duly given. Much, also, is original. The airs and the sentiment are suitable for all classes, and can be sung with great benefit to the cause by the ladies, both in public meetings, and in the family circle. Indeed, the author looks to women, as among the first patrons of his work. She has the deepest interest in the triumph of temperance principles, as her domestic happiness depends on the sobriety of her household. All conditions of men yield willing homage to her wide spread influence.

> "Her ready hand administers the balm;
> She smooths the pillow of the sick, the mind she seeks to calm;
> In virtue's path she leads the young, with mother's love,
> And in her hand she bears the PLEDGE, with blessings from above."

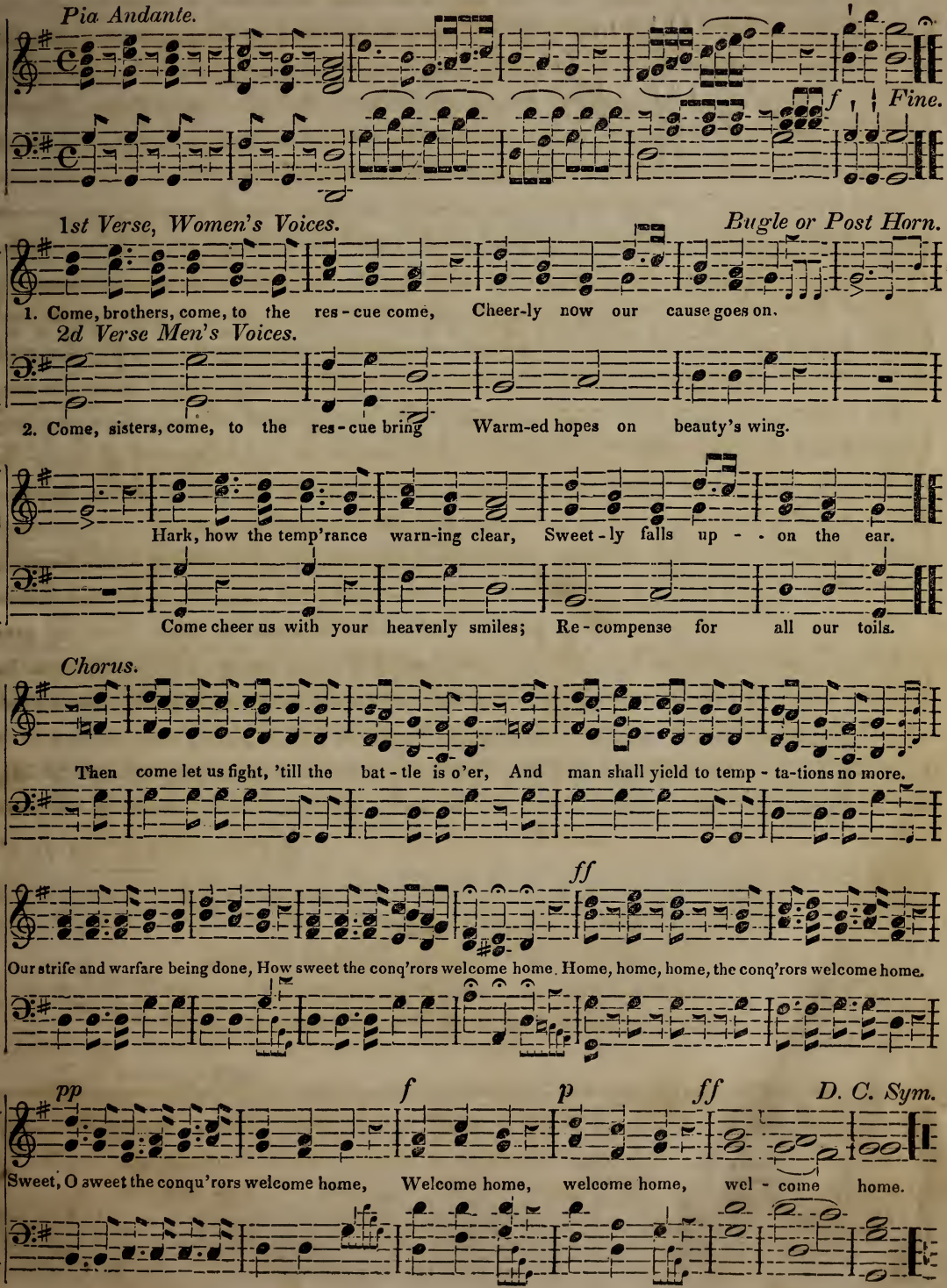
In conclusion, the author would acknowledge his unfeigned gratitude to his numerous friends who have aided this work by their valuable poetical contributions;—among the most prominent are Mr. J. S. Fowler, and Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, Mr. P. H. Sweetser, and Mr. C. D. Lincoln, of Charlestown, and others.

JOB PLIMPTON.

Boston, Dec. 28th, 1842.

The Rescue.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER. MUSIC,—THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG. ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



Glee. — The Temperance Call.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER. COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.

Chorus.

Allegro Moderato. For to us 'tis cheering, When we see our efforts crown'd; Man to man endearing,

ff

Perform Chorus first time for symphony, and commence singing at first Solo.

And in friendship bound, For love, and joy, and harmony, with us are found. For love, and joy, and harmony, with

ff *1st Solo.*

us are found. O, come and join our social band, and leave the treach'rous wine; O, come and join with

Fine.

ff *2d Verse. 2 Trebles.*

heart and hand, Our temp'rance cause di - vine. We all in-vite to join our host,

D. C. Chorus.

In ac-cents loud and

3d Verse. 2 Trebles.

For joy and hap-pi-ness we boast, Thus

D. C. Chorus.

clear, Without al - loy or fear. No longer then neglected,

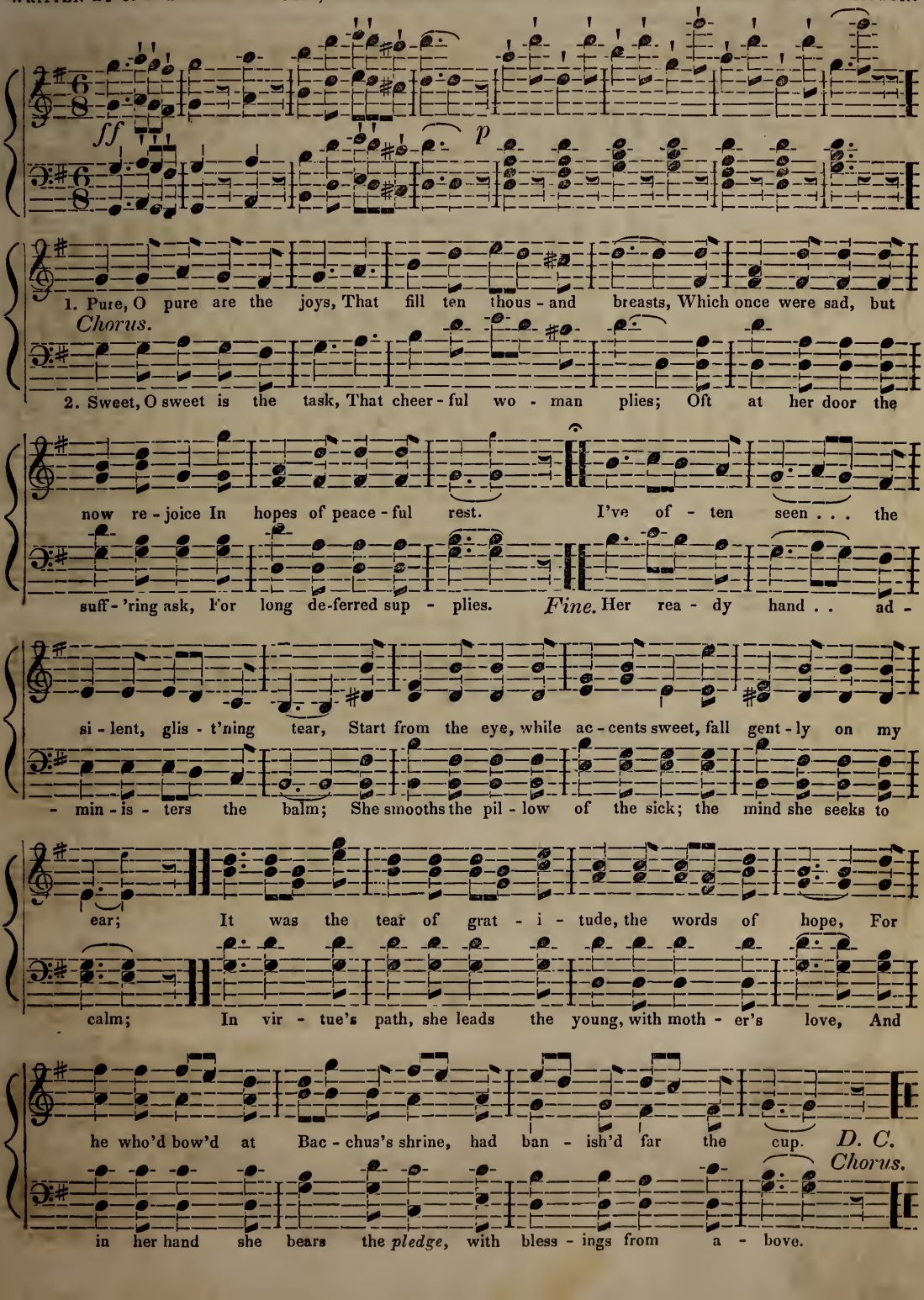
Tenor ad lib.

let our friendly warn - ing fall; The temp'rance call.

No long - er be re - ject - ed, *D. C. Chorus.*

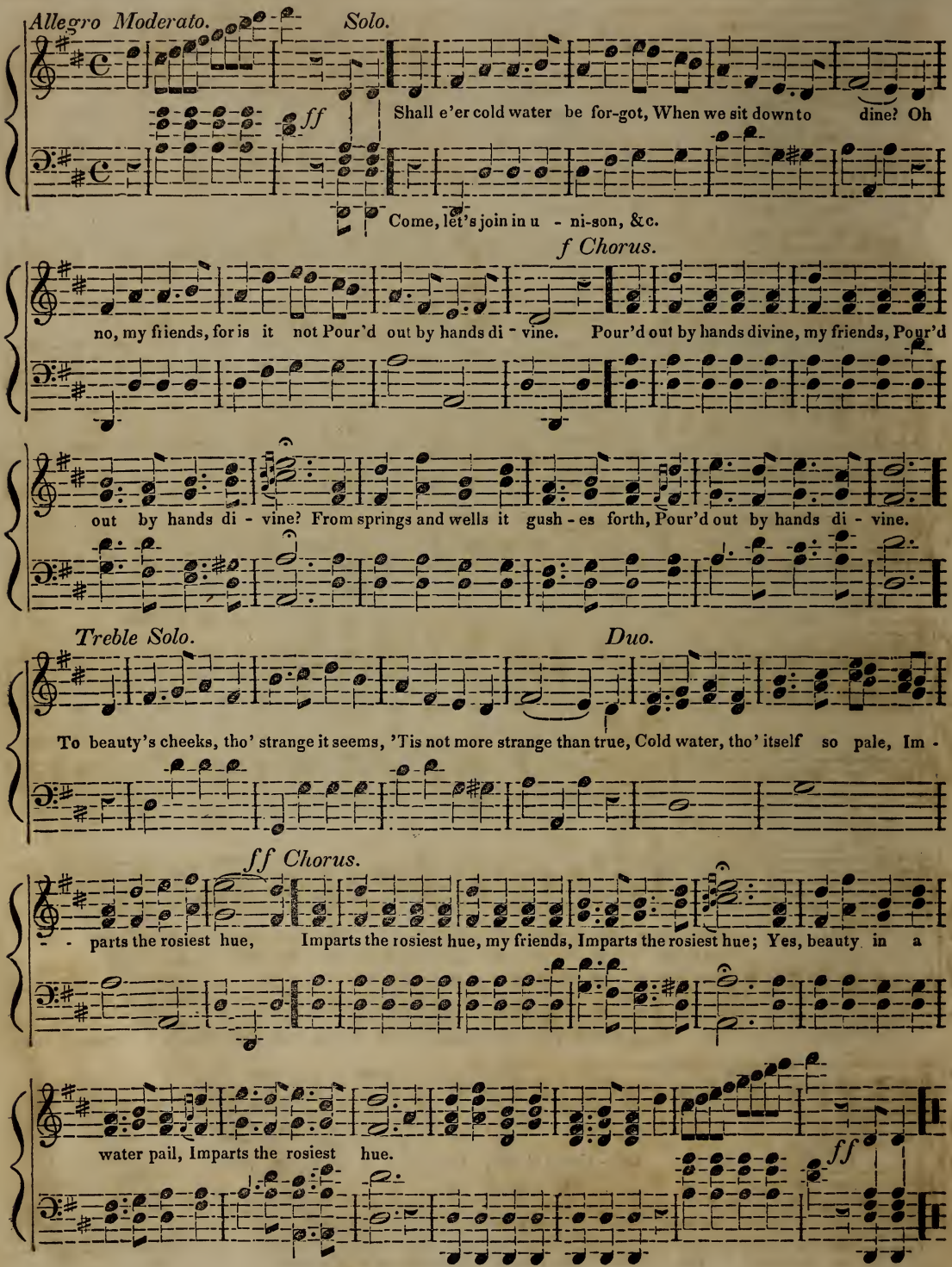
Pure, O pure, are the joys.

WRITTEN BY C. D. LINCOLN.—MUSIC, FROM LA BAYADERE. ADAPTED AND ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



Glee. — Shall e'er cold water be forgot.

WRITTEN BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. MUSIC,—THE BONNY BOAT. ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



3

Cold water too, (tho' wonderful
'Tis not less true, again)—
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men ;—
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take that weakest drink
And grow the strongest men.

4

I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds;—then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle?
What sweetens more than water pure
The two lips of a belle?

5

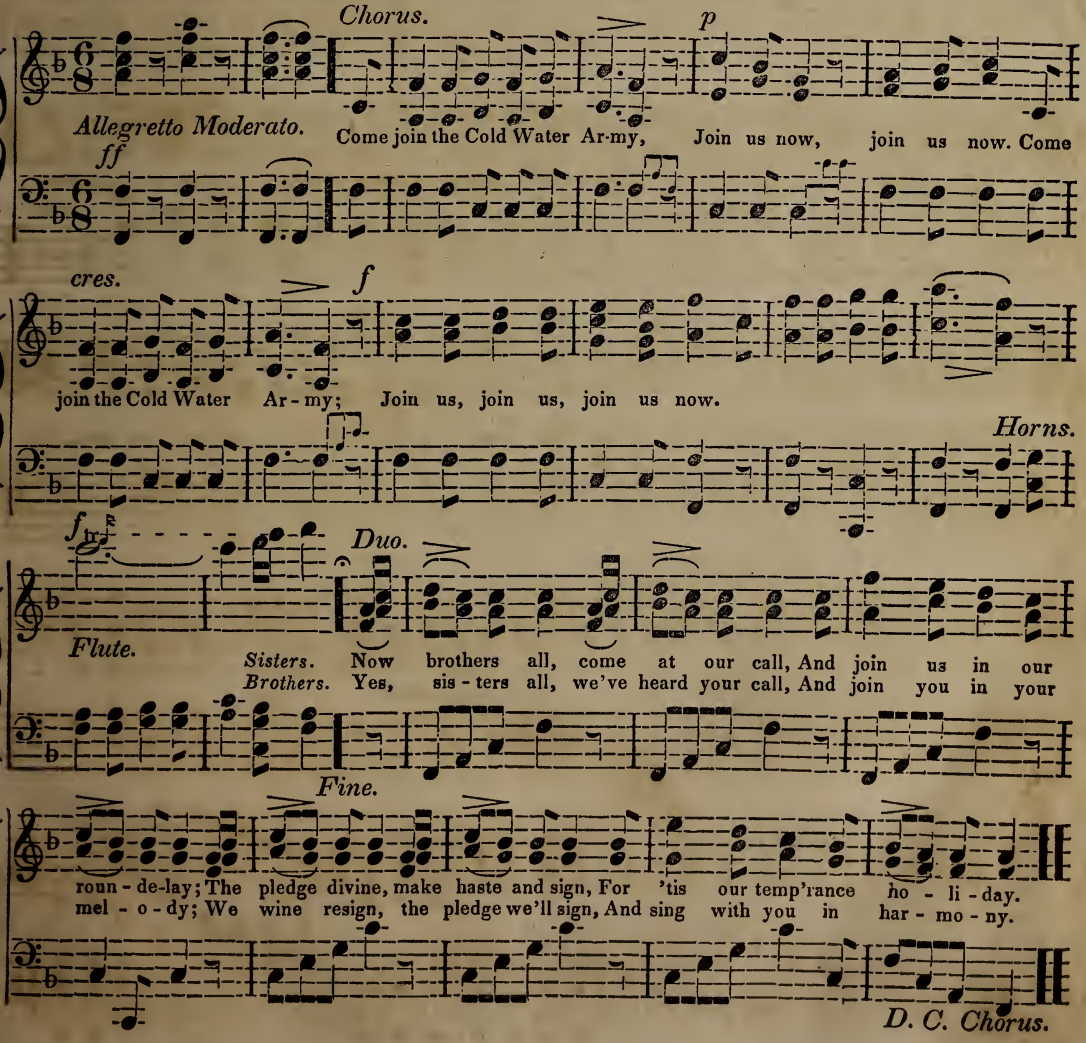
The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain ; then drink it up,
And thus the oak *gets high ;*
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high;
By having water in its cups,
Then why not you and I ?

6

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair.
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

Juvenile Glee. — Come join the Cold Water Army.

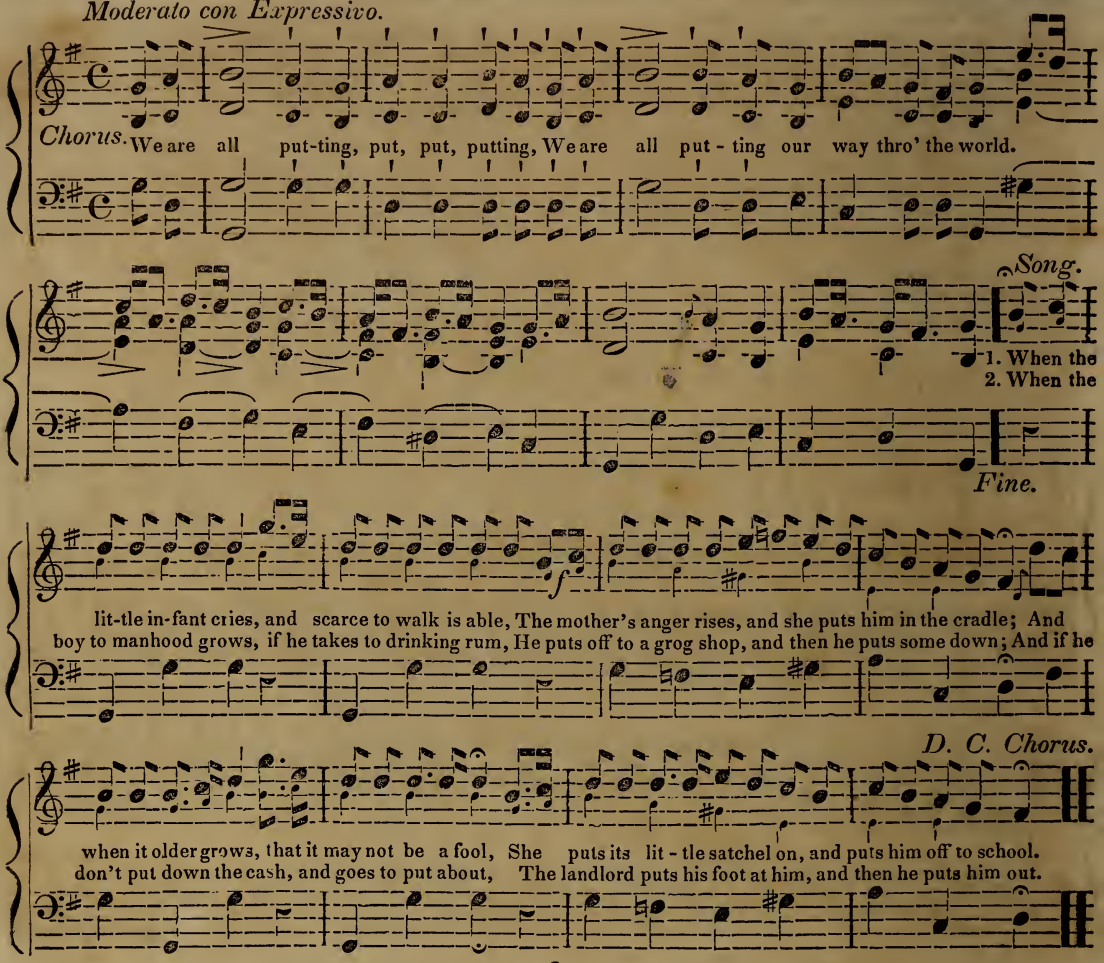
MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.



We are all putting our way through the world.

WRITTEN BY C. F. KING. MUSIC, FROM THE OPERA OF MONTROSE. ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.

Moderato con Expressivo.



3

If he | then becomes a "*soak*," and his funds are all run out,
He'll | take the clothes from off his back, and put them up a "*spout*,"
And when he | puts for home so drunk, he scarce can hold his head,
His | wife puts up her hands at him, and puts him into bed.
We are all putting, &c.

4

Some | put their heads together, to cut each other out,
And | some are resolv'd to put toping to the *rout;*
Now don't put | to your lips a drink, but cold and clear water,
If you | do, you will put down much more than you had better.
We are all putting, &c.

5

Young ladies | put their wits together, to catch a handsome beau,
They put | smiles upon their faces, and study all they do,
And when their | mind is put on one, if he proves to be a *sot,*
They | put up their little hands, and say, "Sir, please to *put.*"
We are all putting, &c.

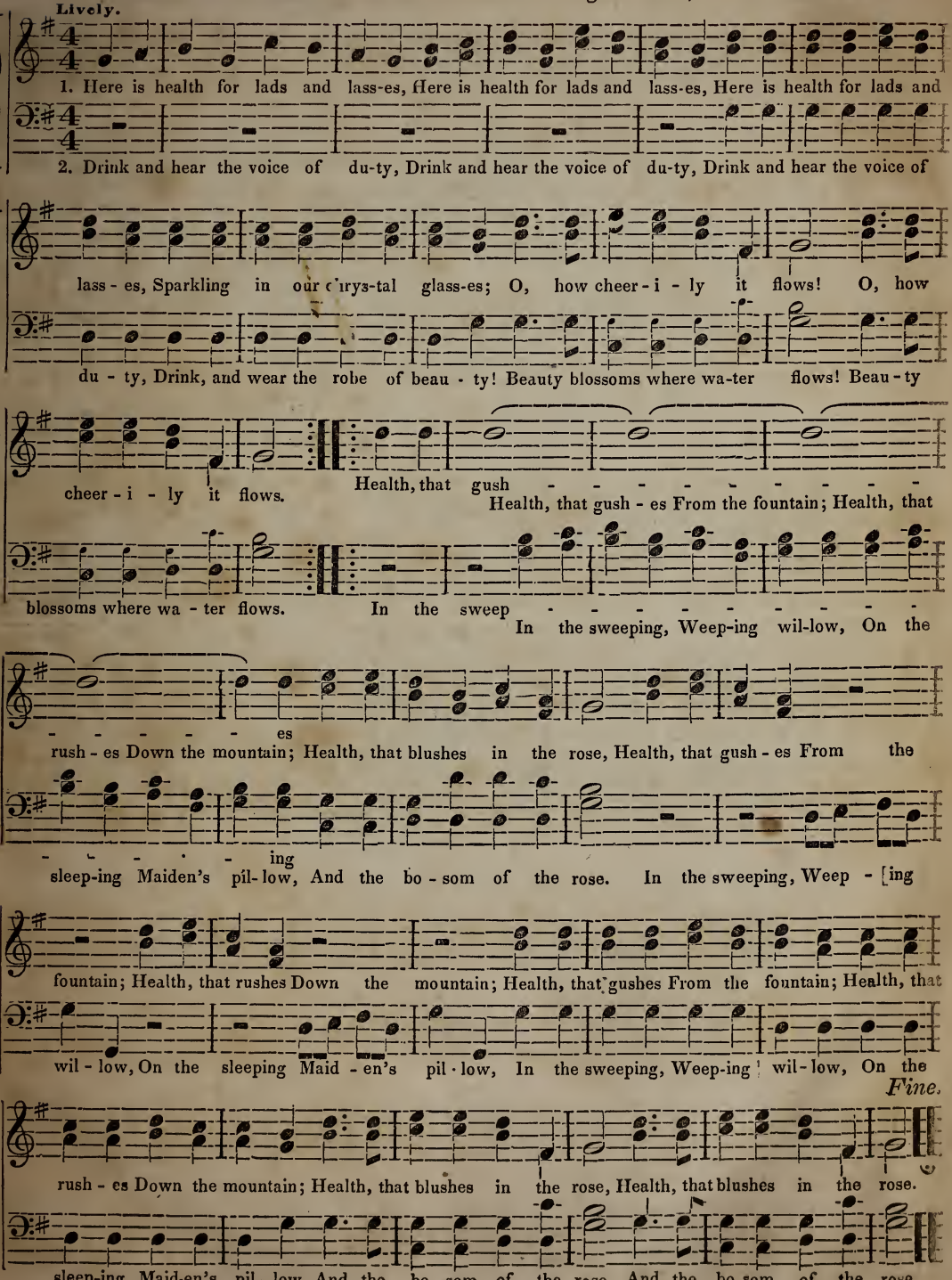
6

Some put their | wives into the street, some put them in distress,
And | by such putting, they themselves get put into a mess;
But of all the | puts that you can see, the best I do allege,
Is the | putting of your names, dear friends, to the Washingtonian *pledge.*
We are all putting, &c.

'Here is health for lads and lasses.'

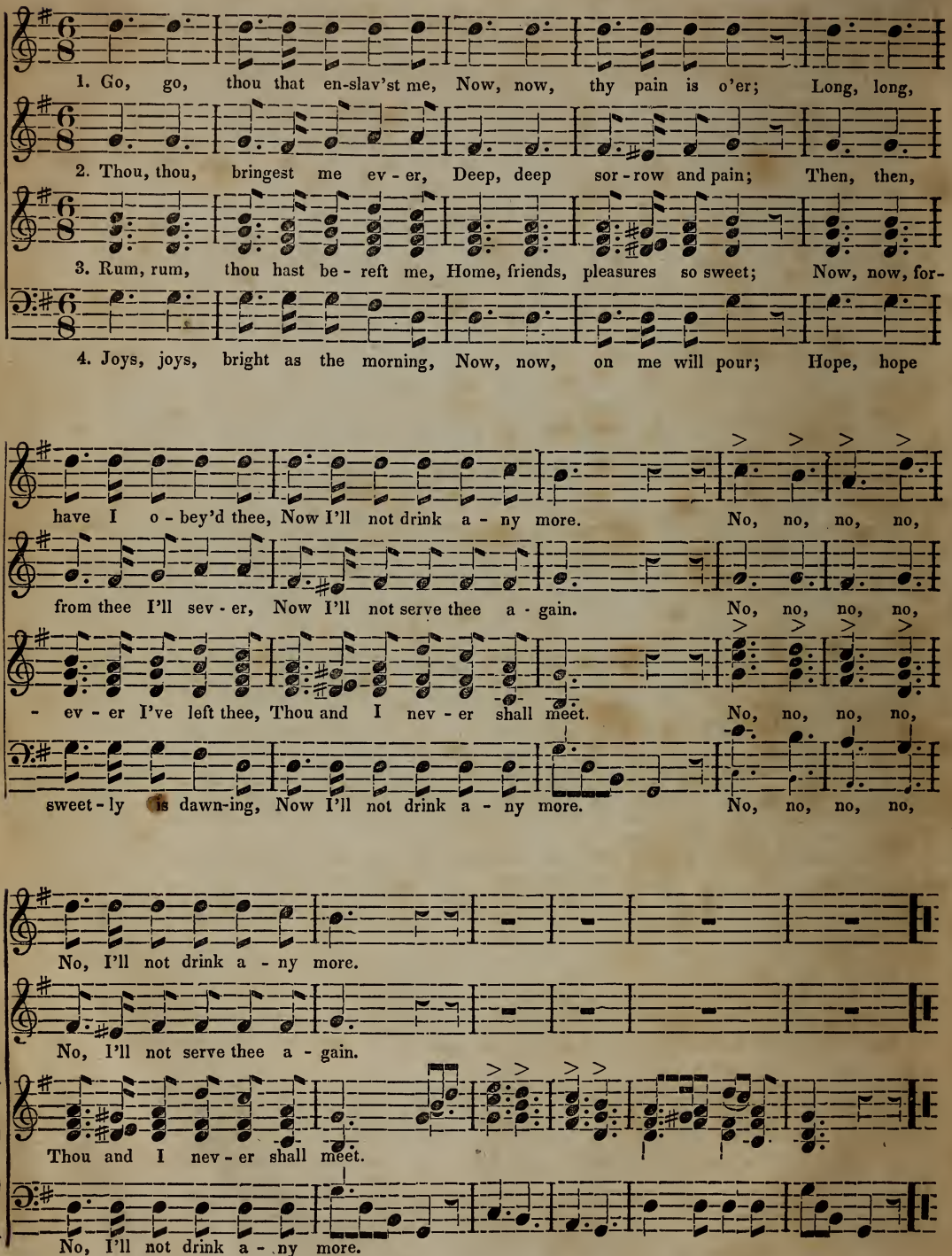
WRITTEN BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

ADAPTED TO THE GLEE OF "*Here's a health to all good lasses*," BY J. PLIMPTON.

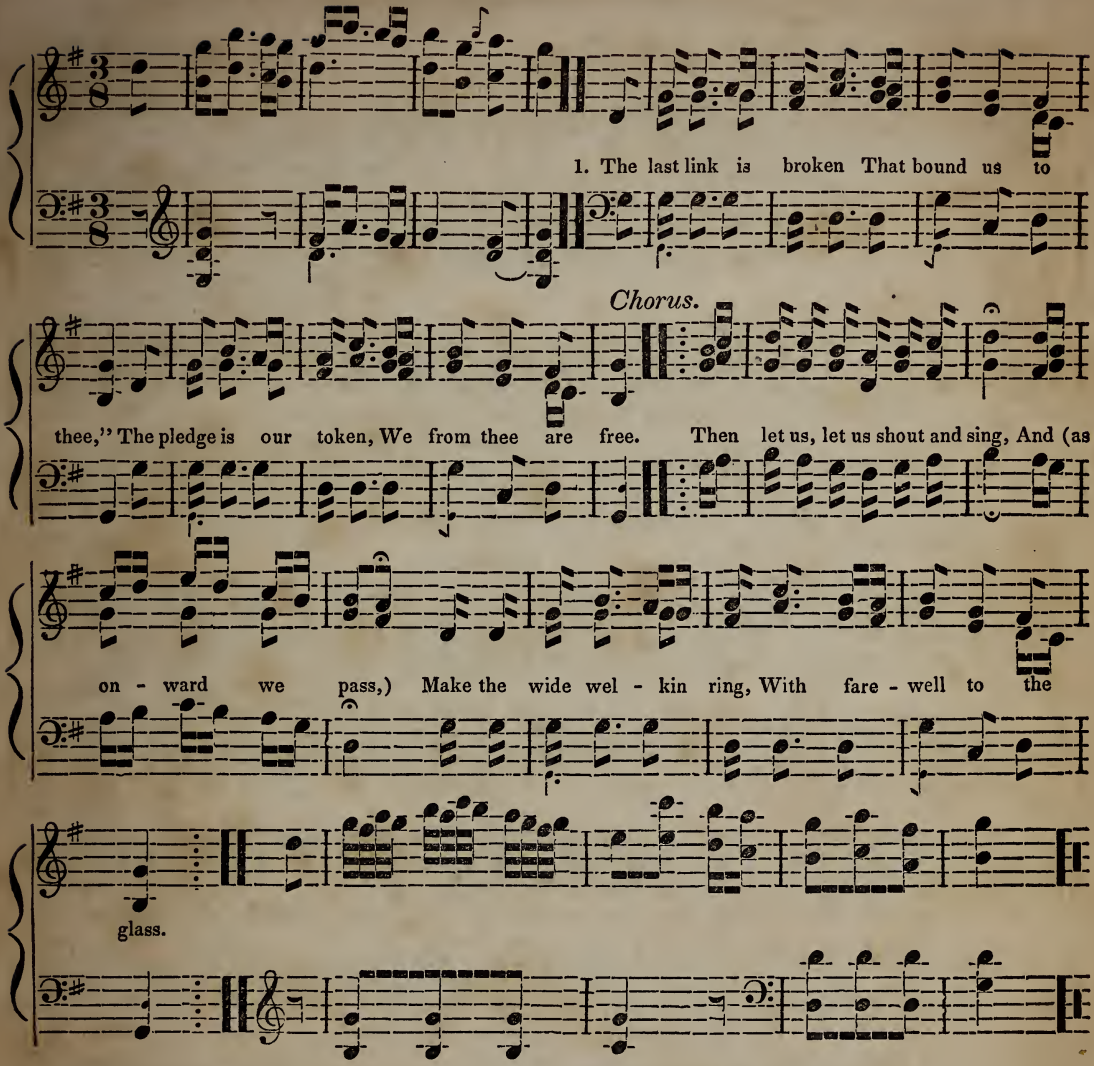


'Go, go, thou that enslav'st me.'

AIR,—AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN.—HARMONISED FOR FOUR VOICES.



AIR,—THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.



2. King Alcohol's fetters
Are broken in twain;
To him in subjection,
We'll ne'er bow again!

Chorus. It will follow, follow, follow, follow,
(As onward we pass;)
That our wives join in singing,
Farewell to the glass.

3. We once thought thee useful,
That error is o'er.
We'er better without thee,
We'll use thee *no more!*

Chorus. Then let us, let us shout and sing;
And (as onward we pass;)
Make the wide welkin ring
With farewell to the glass.

4. *No longer* we prize thee
For what thou hast been;
Thou hast ruined our healths,
And made beasts of our men.

Chorus. Then let us, let us shout and sing;
And (as onward we pass;)
Make the wide welkin ring
With farewell to the glass.

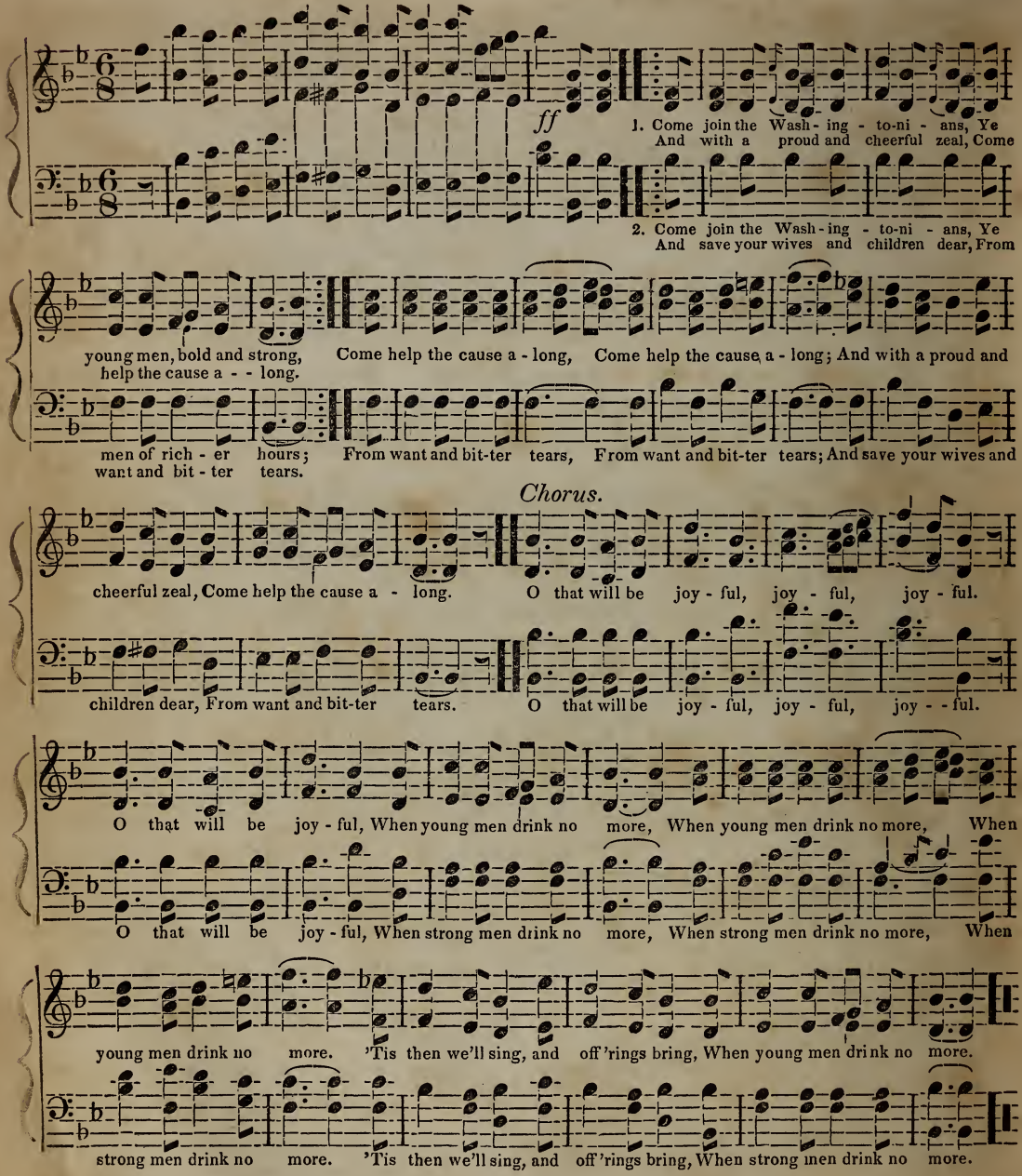
5. In ranks with the drunkard,
No more we appear;
From demon Intemp'rance
We'll keep ourselves clear!

Chorus. And the merry, merry, merry shout
And (as onward we pass;)
Of our wives and our children
Is, farewell to the glass.

The Washingtonian Call.

'When I can read my title clear.'

WRITTEN BY C. D. LINCOLN. ARRANGED AND ADAPTED BY J. PLIMPTON.



3

Come join the Washingtonians,
Ye men of hoary heads,
And end your days where temperance
Its peaceful influence sheds.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when old men drink no more,
When old men drink no more.
'Tis then we'll sing, and off 'rings bring,
When old men drink no more.

4

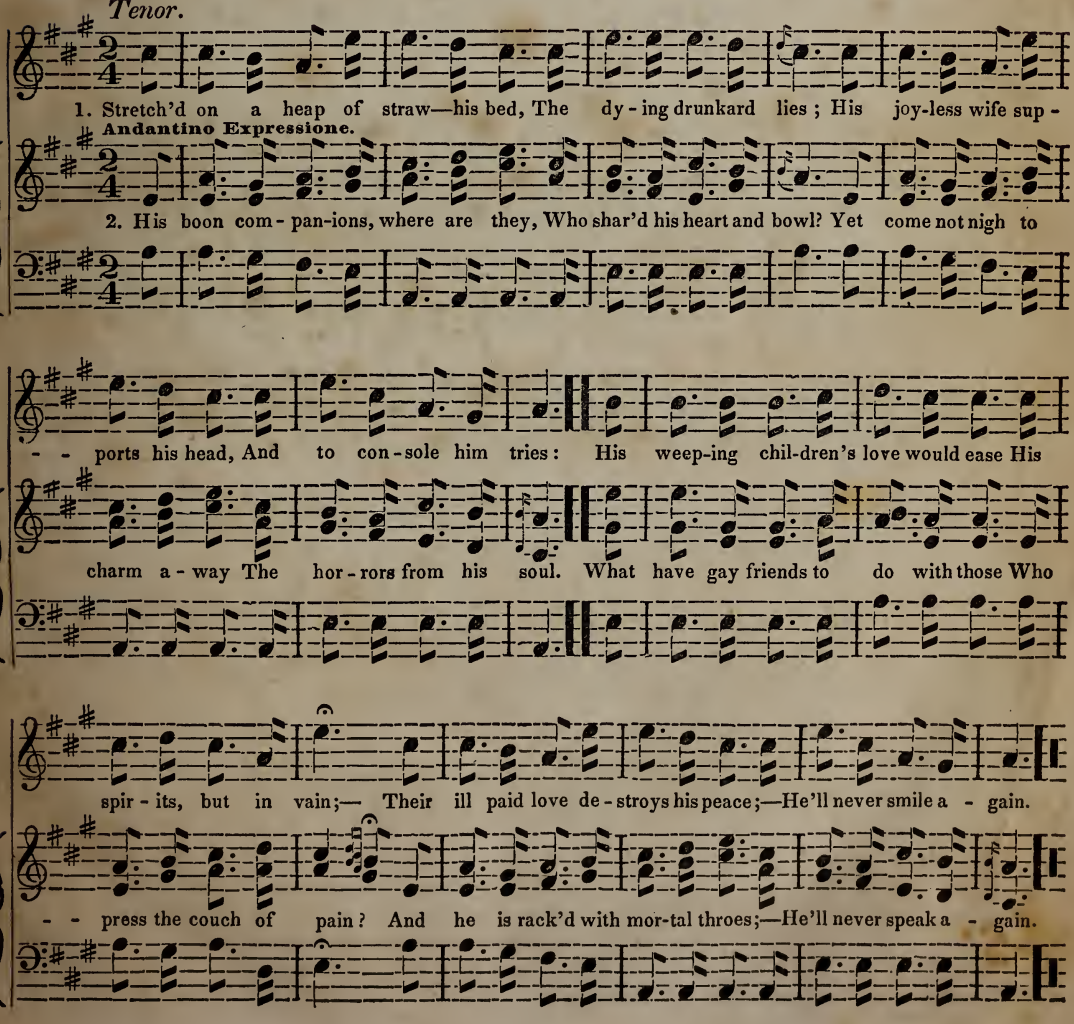
Come join the Washingtonians,
Ye dames and maidens fair,
And breathe around us in our path,
Affection's hallowed air.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on, to conquests not yet won;
'Tis then we'll sing, and off 'rings bring,
When woman cheers us on.

Come join the Washingtonians,
Ye who distill, and sell
The poison, that destroys the health,
And brings the fatal spell.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful when the STILL is worked no more,
When the STILL is worked no more, in all our happy shore.
'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,
When the STILL is worked no more.

Come join the Washingtonians,
Ye sons and daughters all,
Of this our own America,
Come at the friendly call.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say,—
When all shall proudly say, "Away the bowl, away."
'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,
When all shall own our sway.

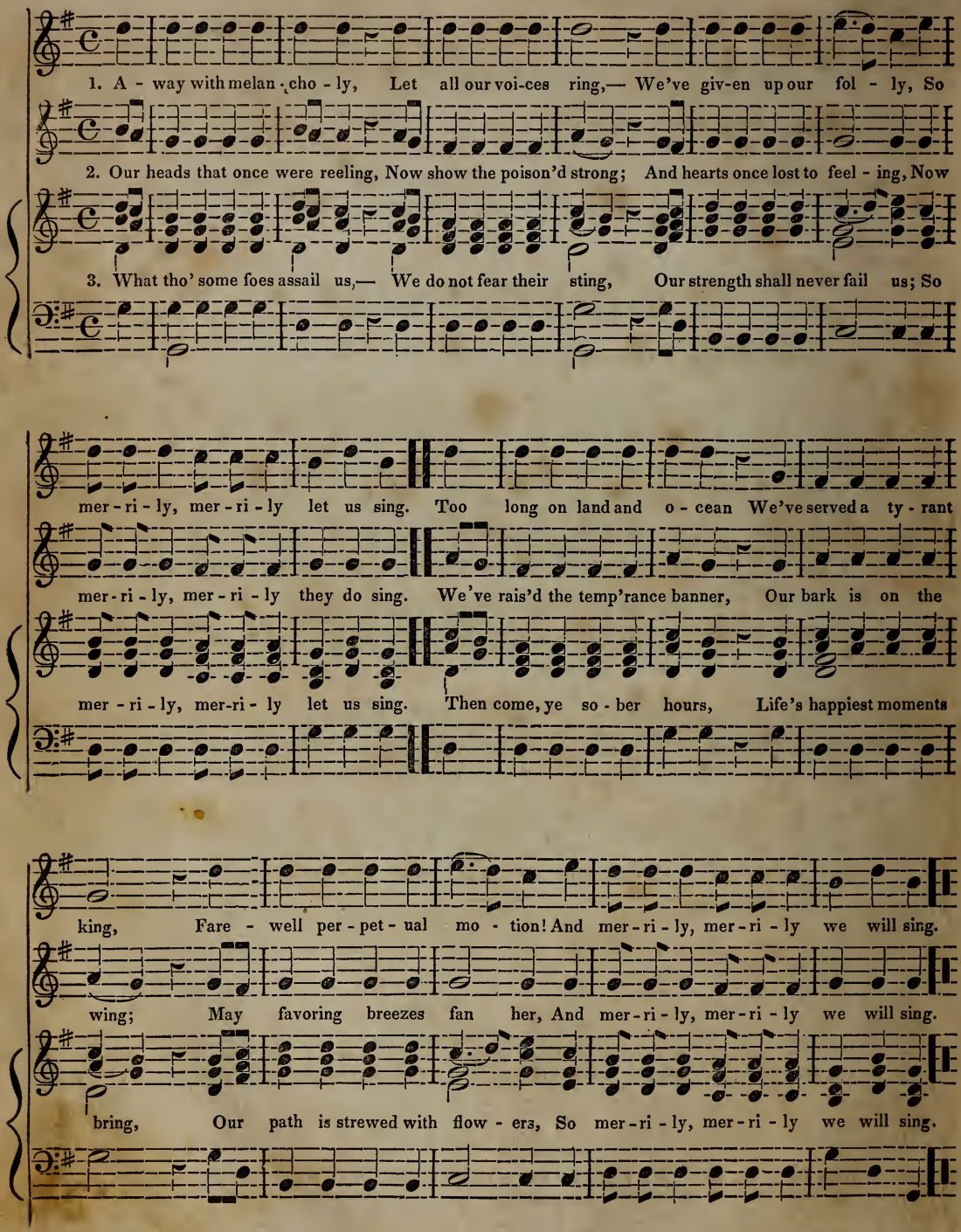
The Dying Drunkard.

STRETCH'D ON A HEAP OF STRAW.—AIR,—O NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

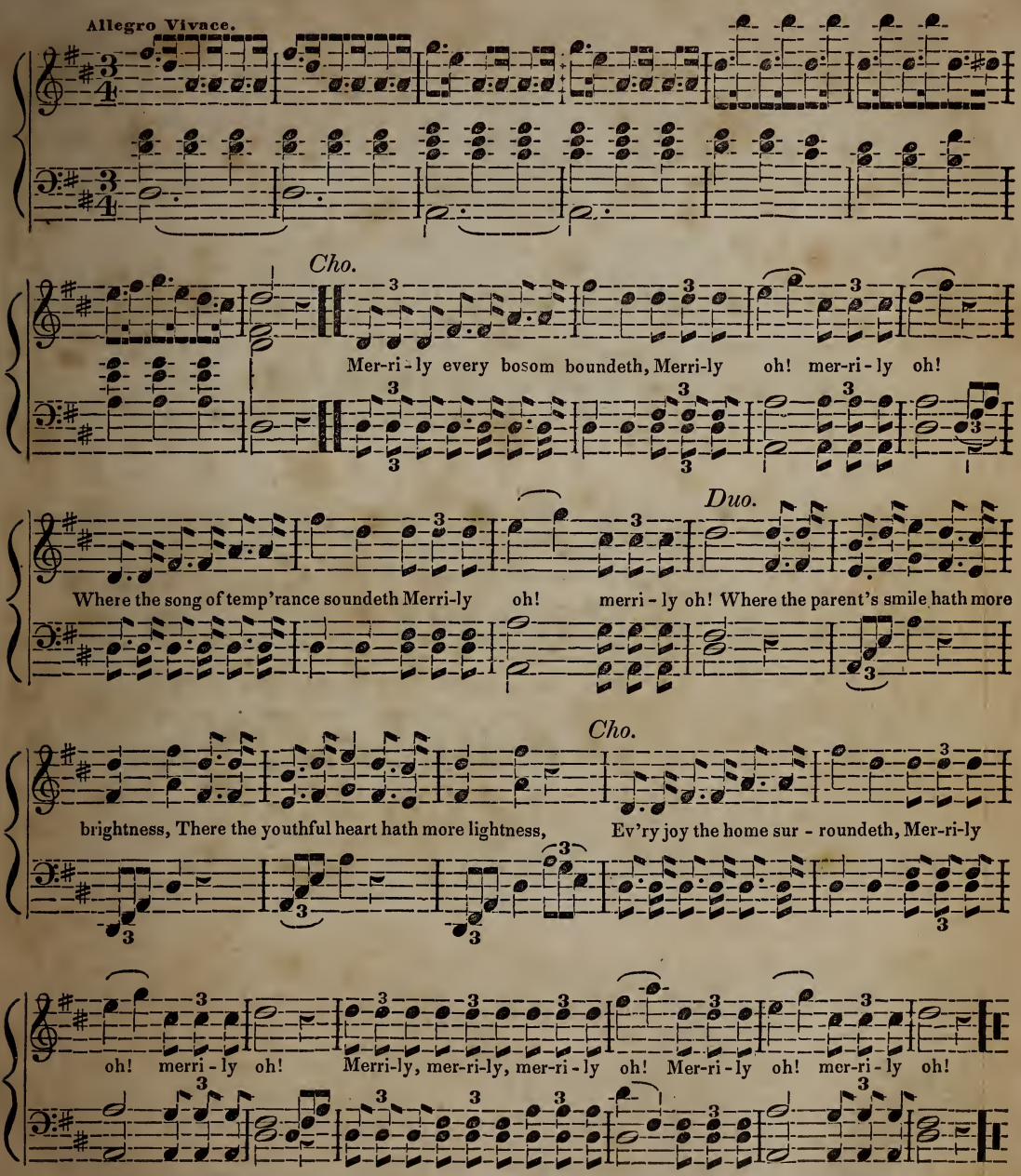


Away with Melancholy.

MUSIC BY MOZART. ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES, BY J. PLIMPTON.



MUSIC,—THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY. ADAPTED AND ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



Slow.

2. Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
Where the weed intemp'rance twineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
There the parent's smile yields to sadness,
There the youthful heart hath no gladness,
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh! &c.

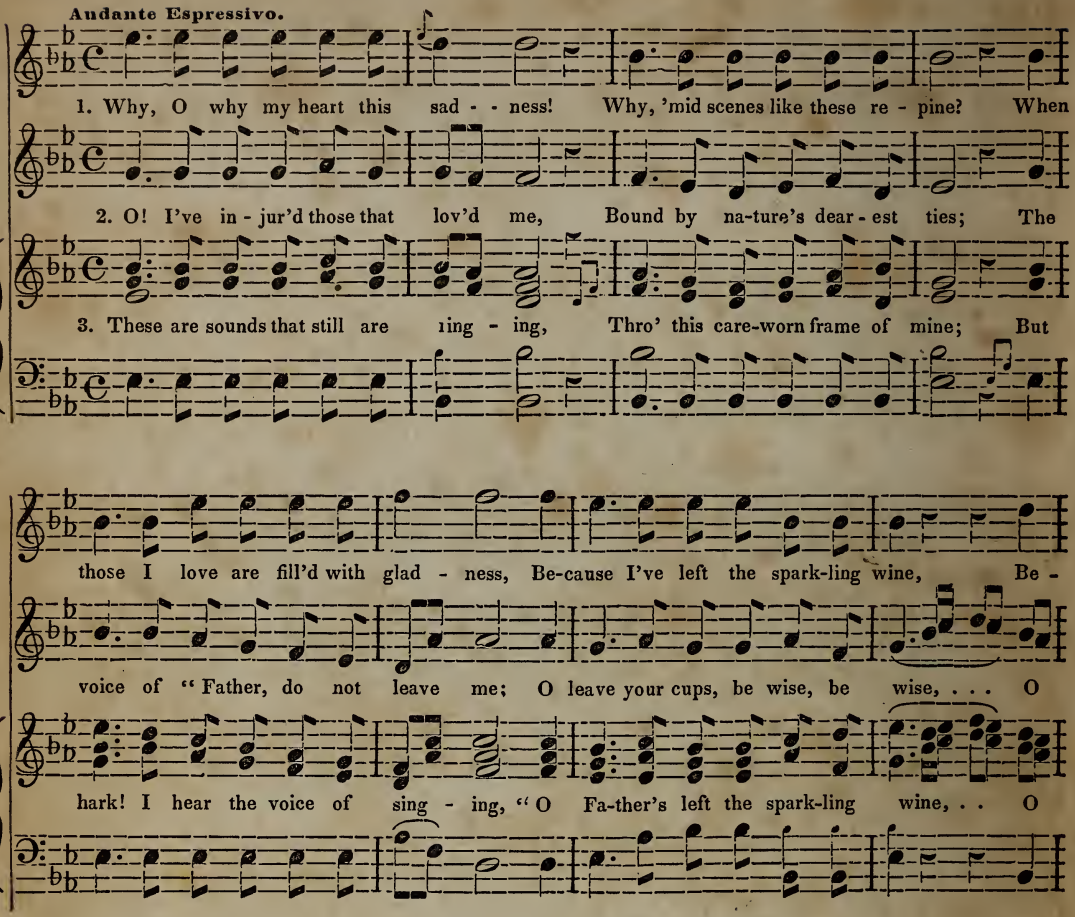
Lively.

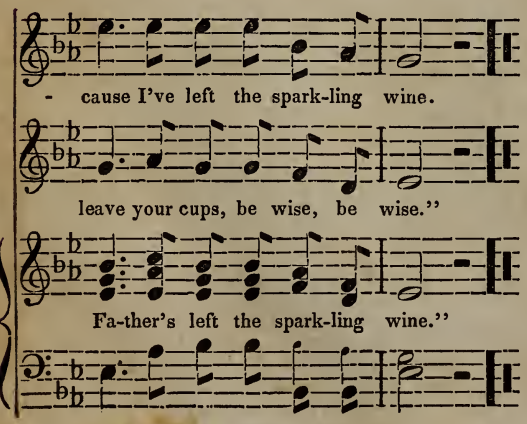
3. Cheerily then awake the chorus,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Abstinence will peace restore us,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Now the parent's smile beams the clearest,
Now the parent's hopes are the dearest;
Every joy is now before us,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

My own Temp'rance Home.

ADAPTED TO THE CELEBRATED SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES, BY J. PLIMPTON.





4

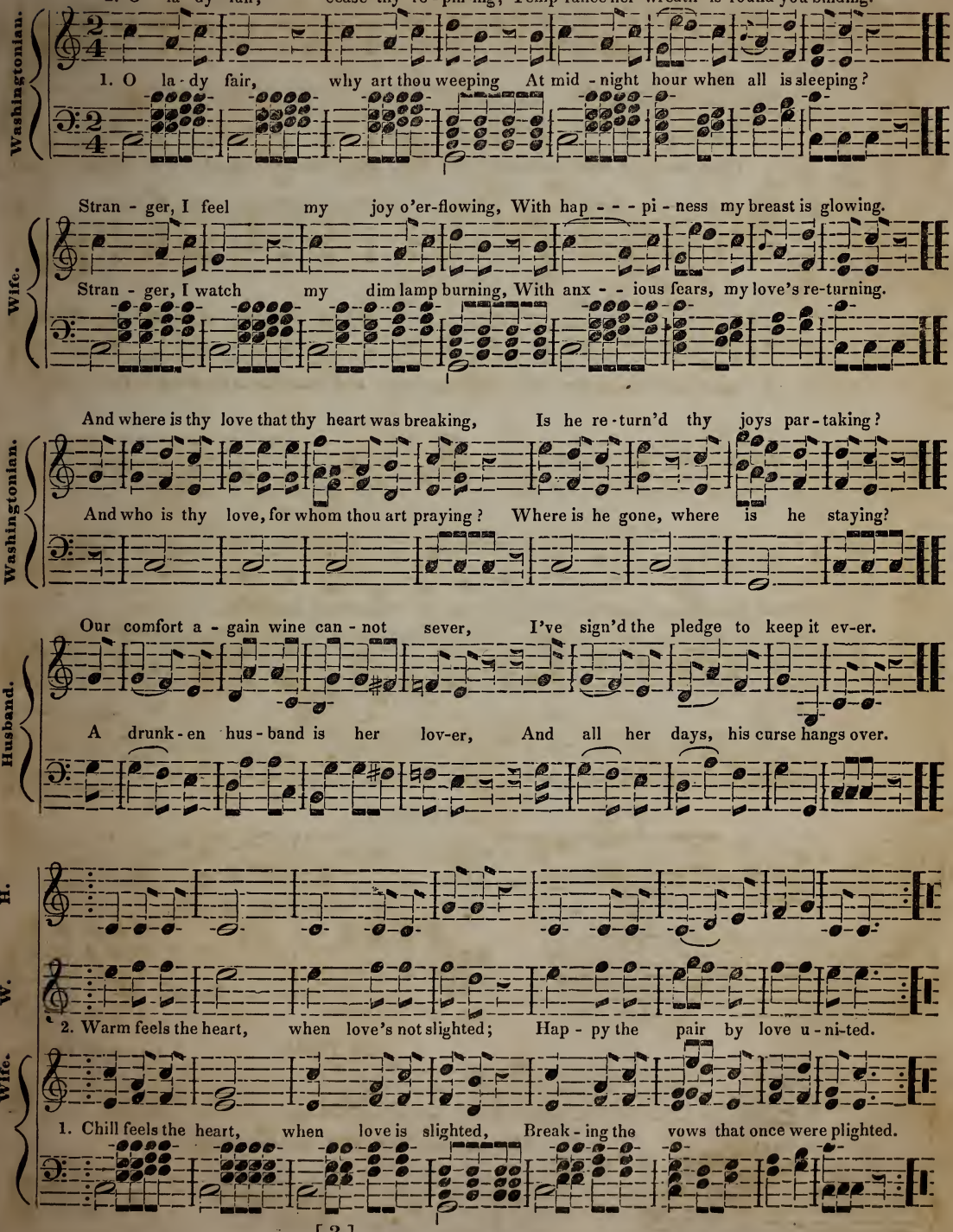
Give me joys, I ask no other—
Joys that bless my humble dome,
Where dwell my daughter and her mother;
O give me back my temp'rance home,
O give me back my temp'rance home.

5

Joyful tidings still are swelling,
Where such greetings were unknown;
The pledge brought them to ev'ry dwelling;—
O give me back my temp'rance home,
My own, my own dear temp'rance home.

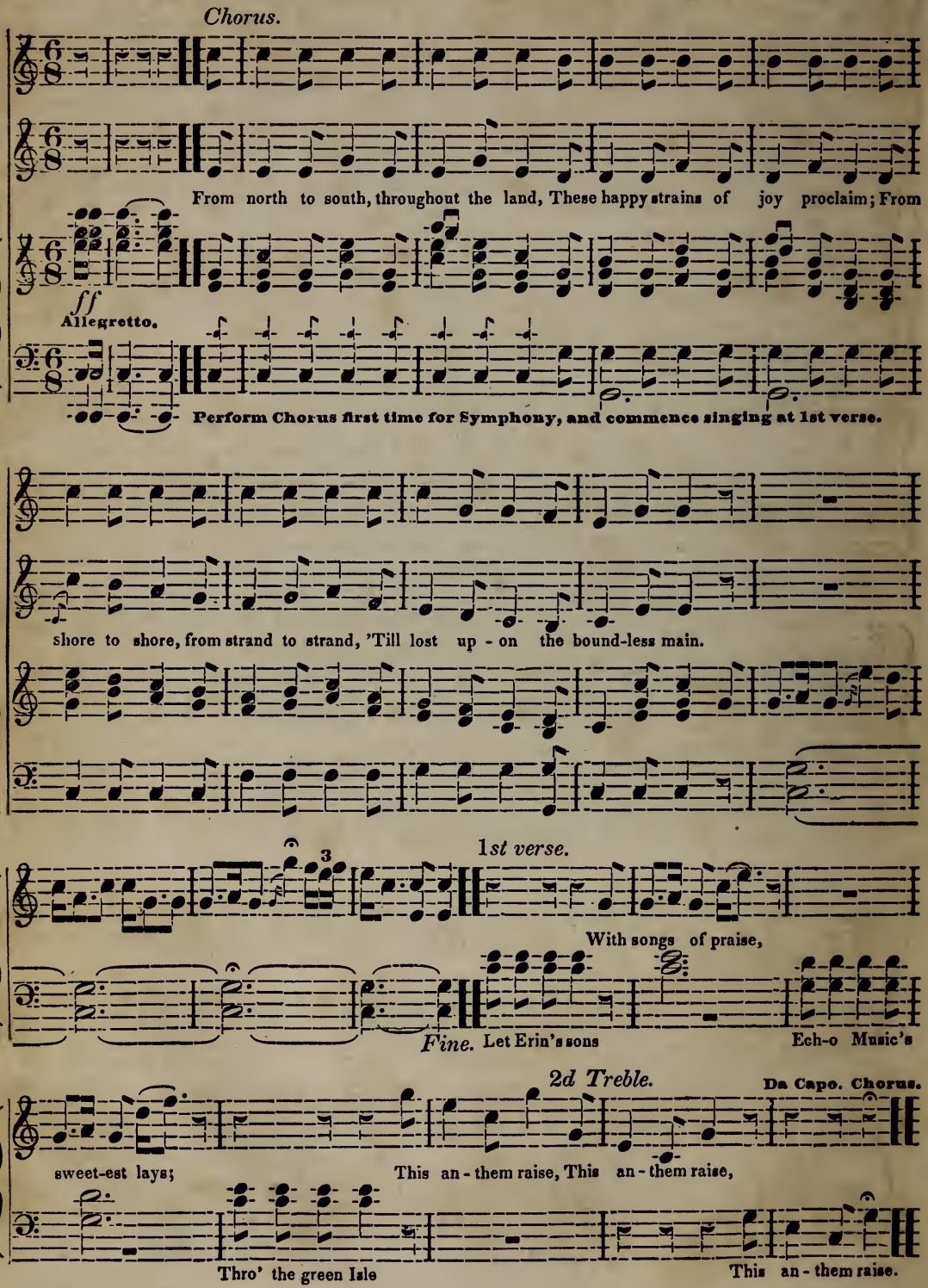
Trio.—O Lady Fair.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER. ADAPTED AND ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.

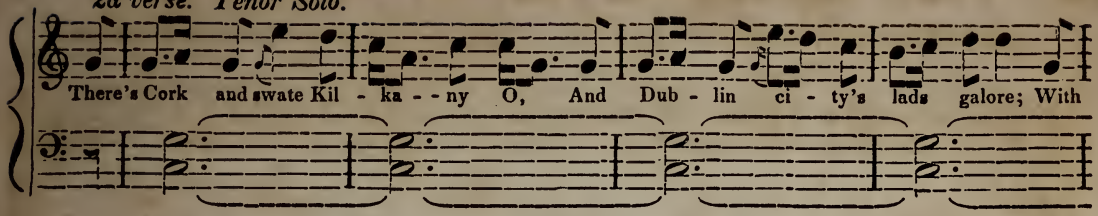


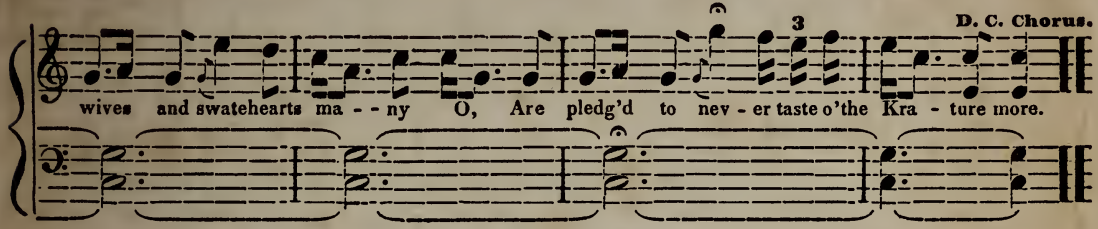
Father Matthews,—an Irish Total Abstinence Glee.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER. COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.

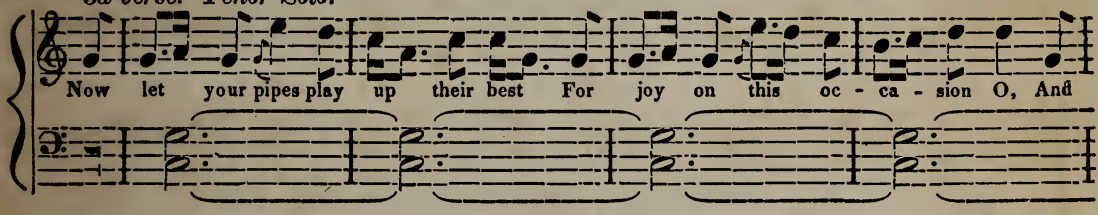


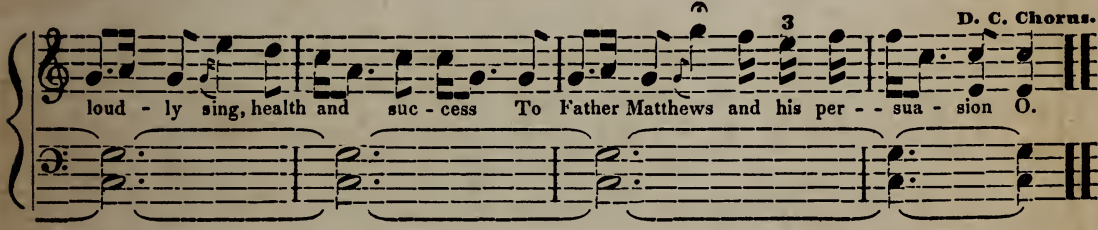
2d verse. Tenor Solo.





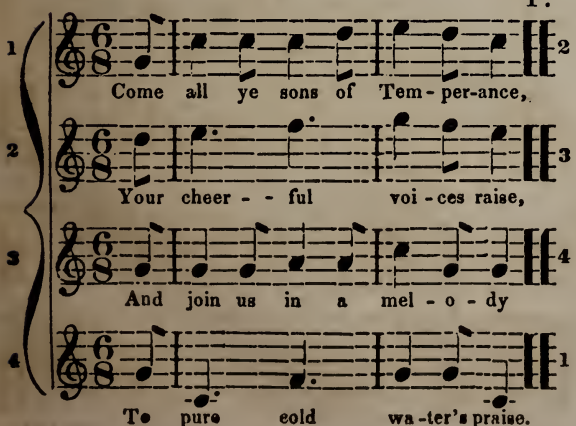
3d verse. Tenor Solo.





Rounds for 4 Voices.

No. 1.



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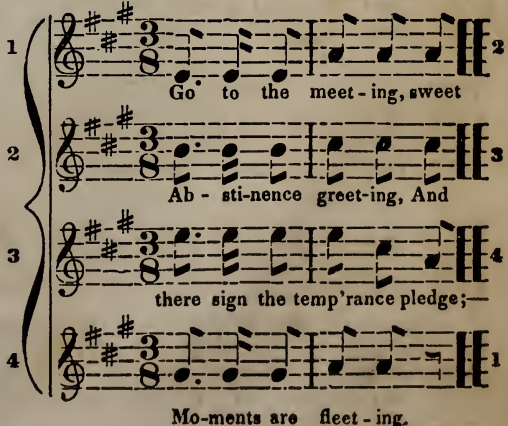
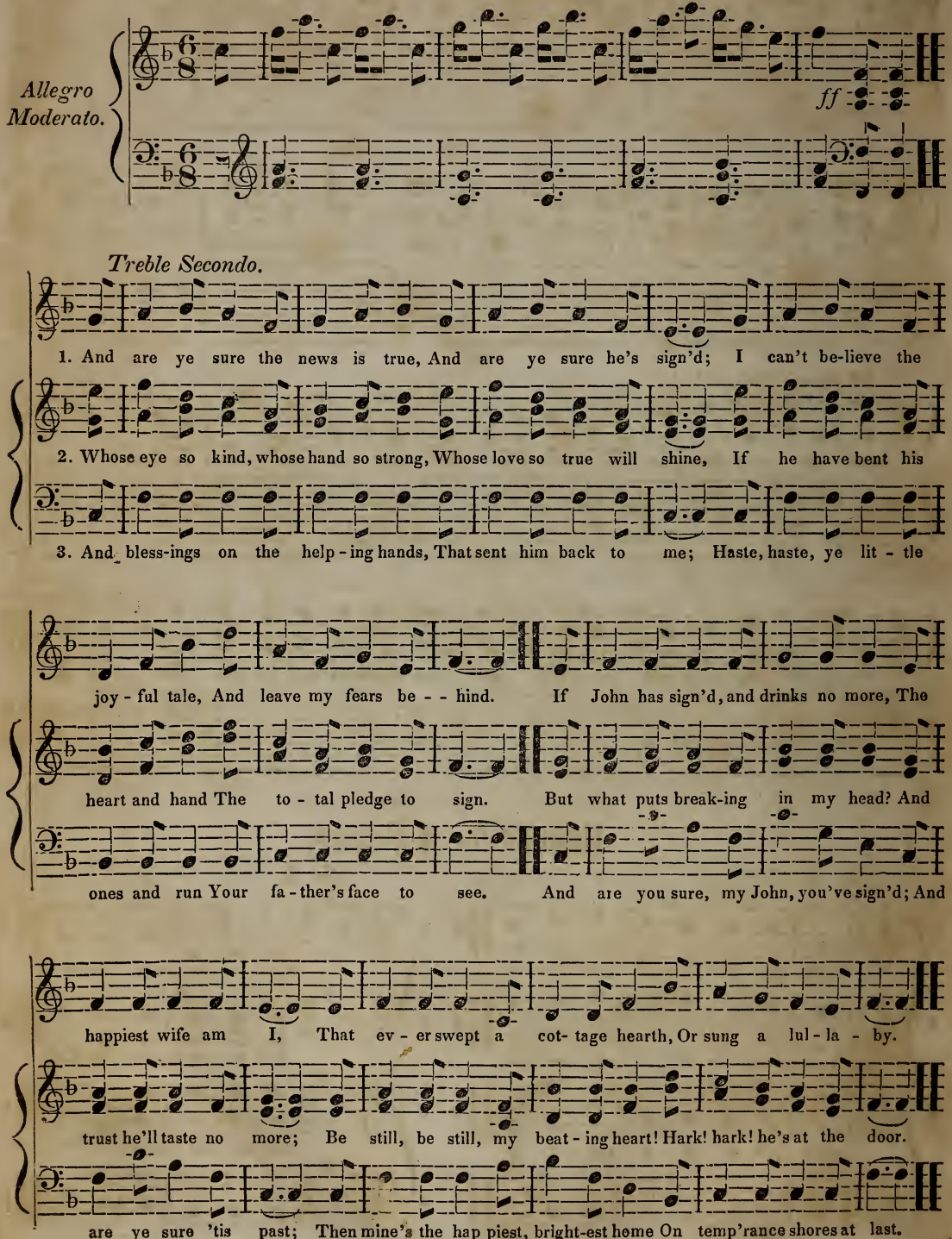
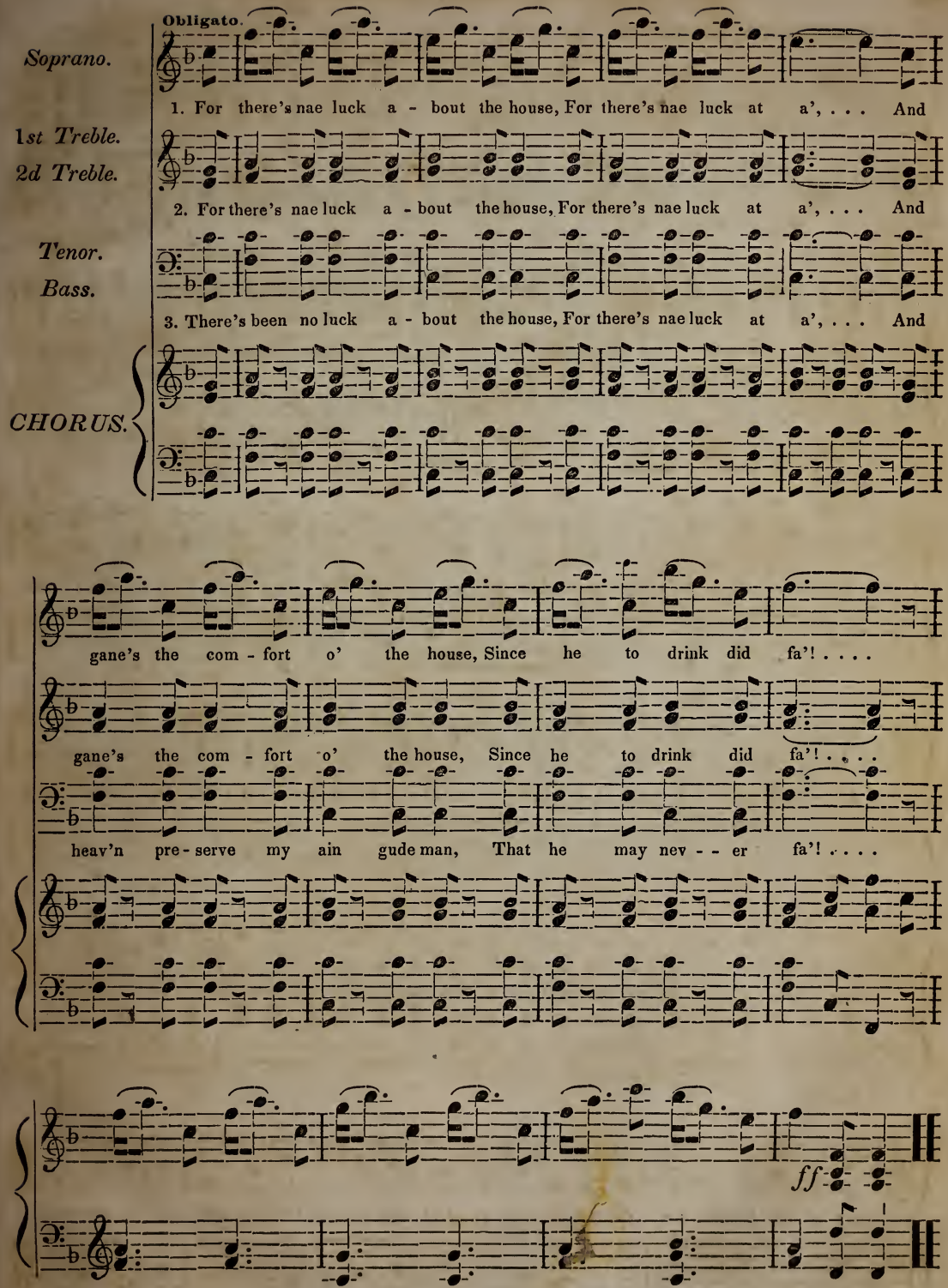


'And are ye sure the news is true.'

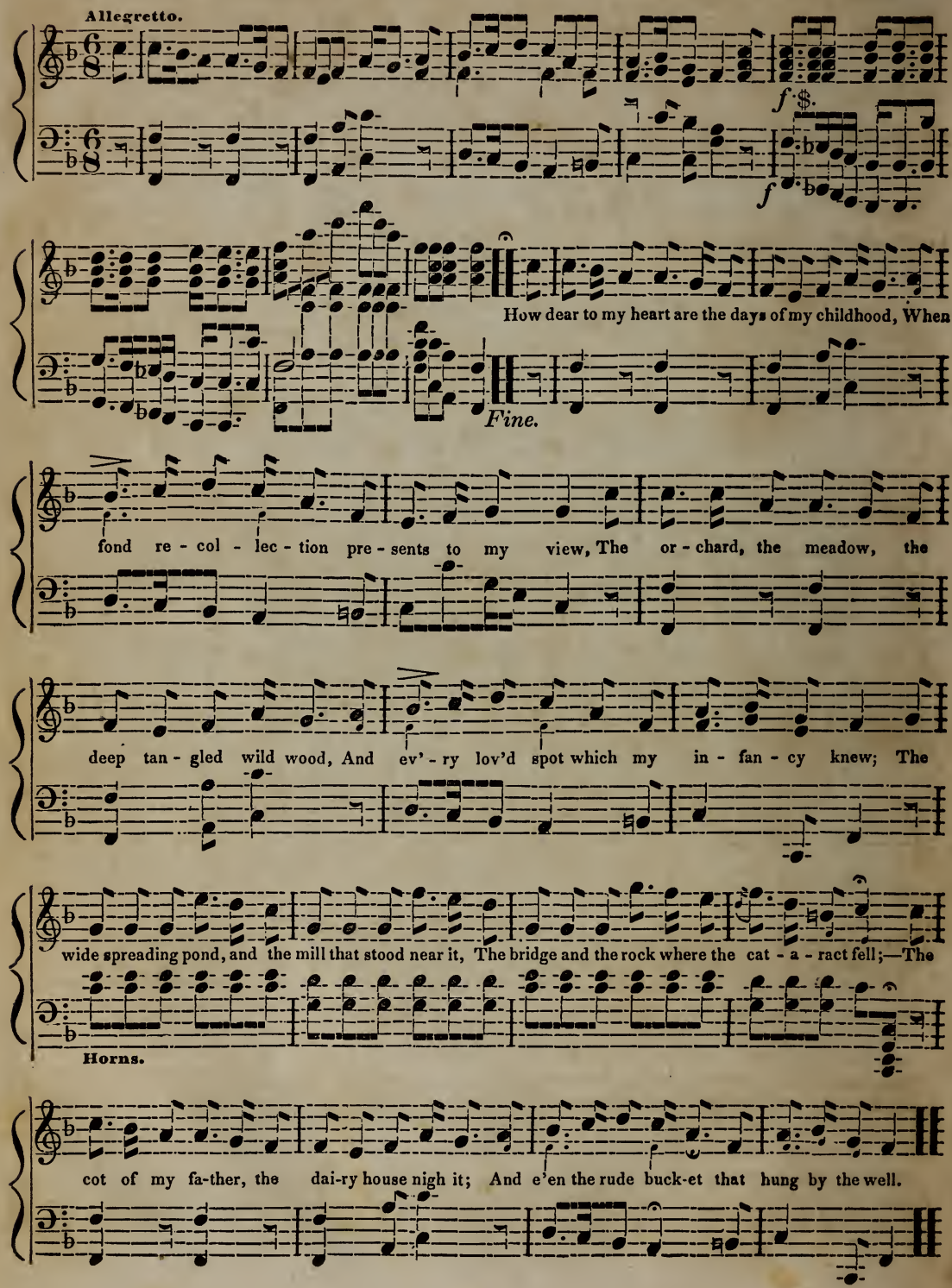
SCOTCH AIR—*There's nae luck about the house.* ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.

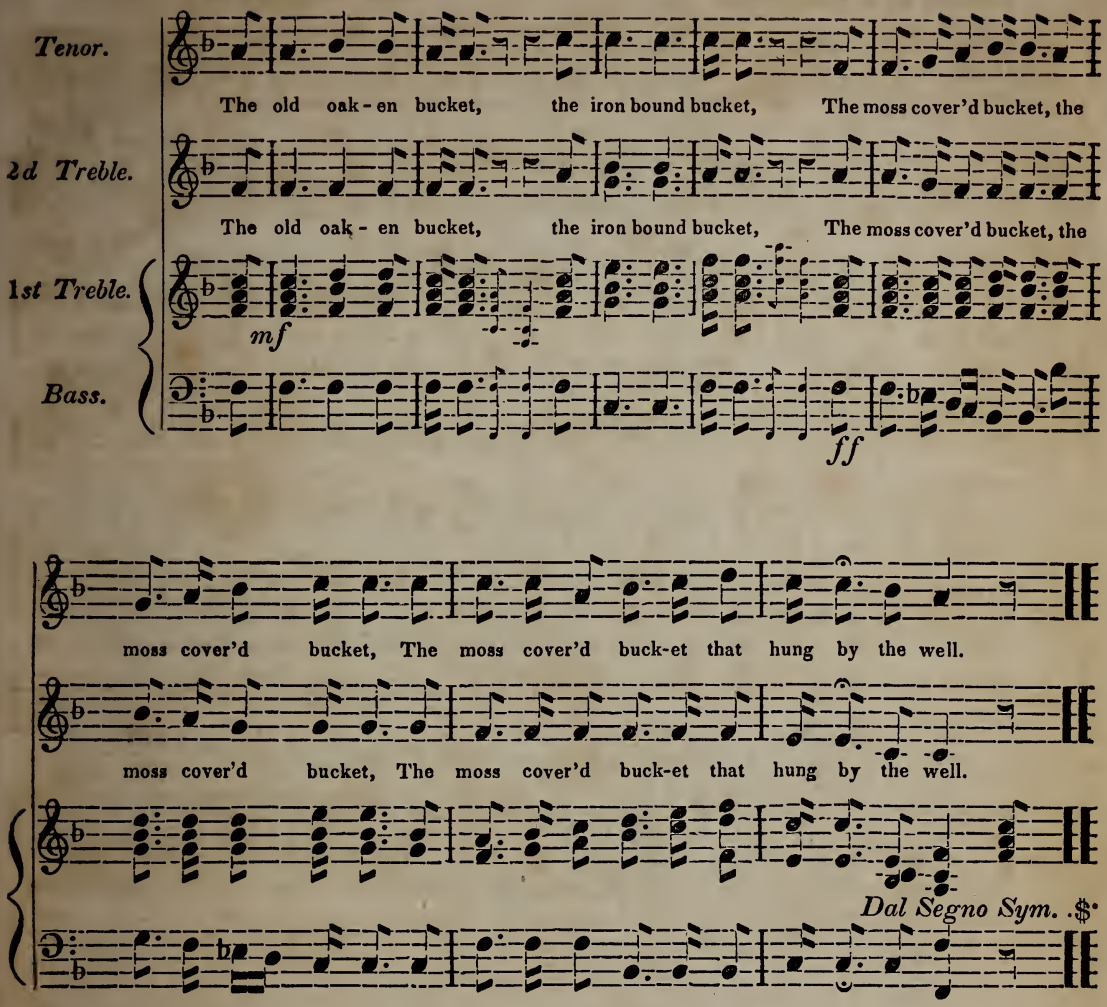



Obligato.
Soprano.
1st Treble.
2d Treble.
Tenor.
Bass.
CHORUS.
1. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, For there's nae luck at a', . . . And
2. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, For there's nae luck at a', . . . And
3. There's been no luck a - bout the house, For there's nae luck at a', . . . And
gane's the com - fort o' the house, Since he to drink did fa'! . . . .
gane's the com - fort o' the house, Since he to drink did fa'! . . . .
heav'n pre - serve my ain gude man, That he may nev - - er fa'! . . . .
ff

The Old Oaken Bucket.

WRITTEN BY S. WOODWORTH. MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.





2

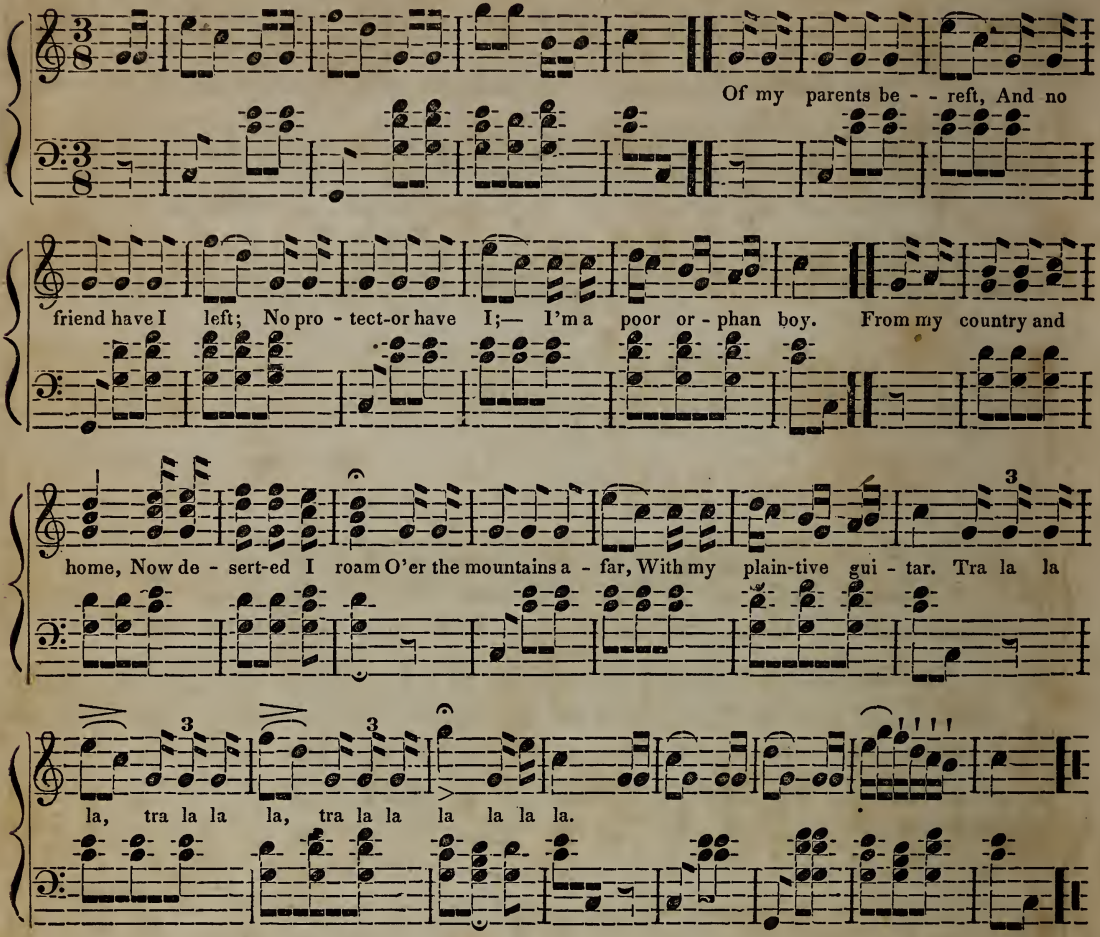
That moss covered bucket I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket arose from the well.

3

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung by the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung by the well.

The Savoyard Minstrel's Song.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER. COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.



2

But adieu to the hills,
And the bright sparkling rills,
And the cot in the glen,
I shall ne'er see again.
It re-echoed my song
As I wandered along,
And the notes brought relief
To my heart full of grief.
Tra la la la, &c.

3

Then its chords sweetly rung,
To my innocent song,
Ere I drank of the wine
Of my own native vine.
But I soon was, alas!
Quite a slave to the glass;—
And I weep for the day
When it first stole my lay.
Tra la la la, &c.

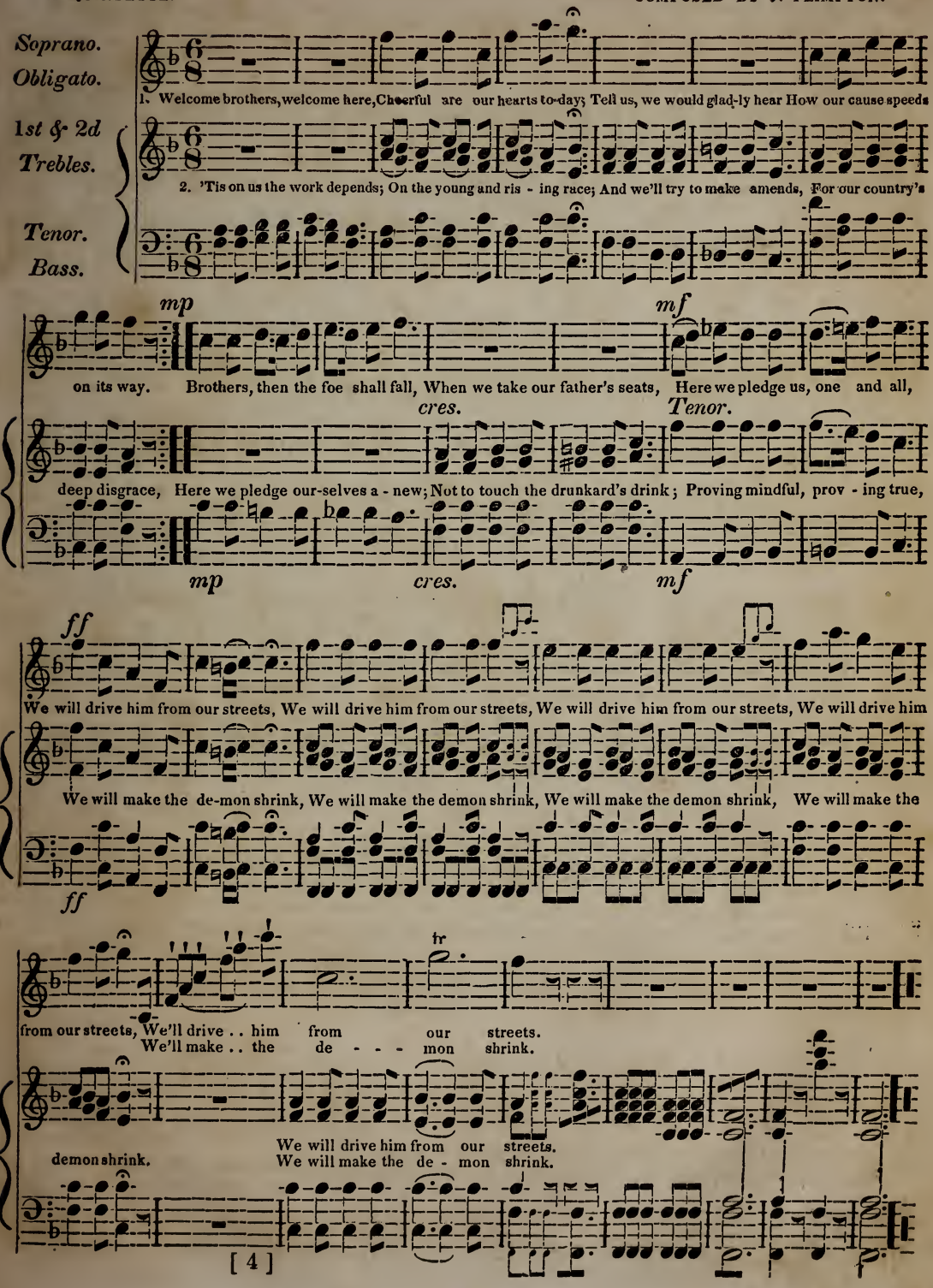
4

See me ragged and poor,
Begging arms at each door,
And the pittance I got,
Then I spent like a sot.
For I'd little to eat,
And my bed was the street;—
Then my harp lost its fire,
For I'd broken each wire!
Tra la la la, &c.

5

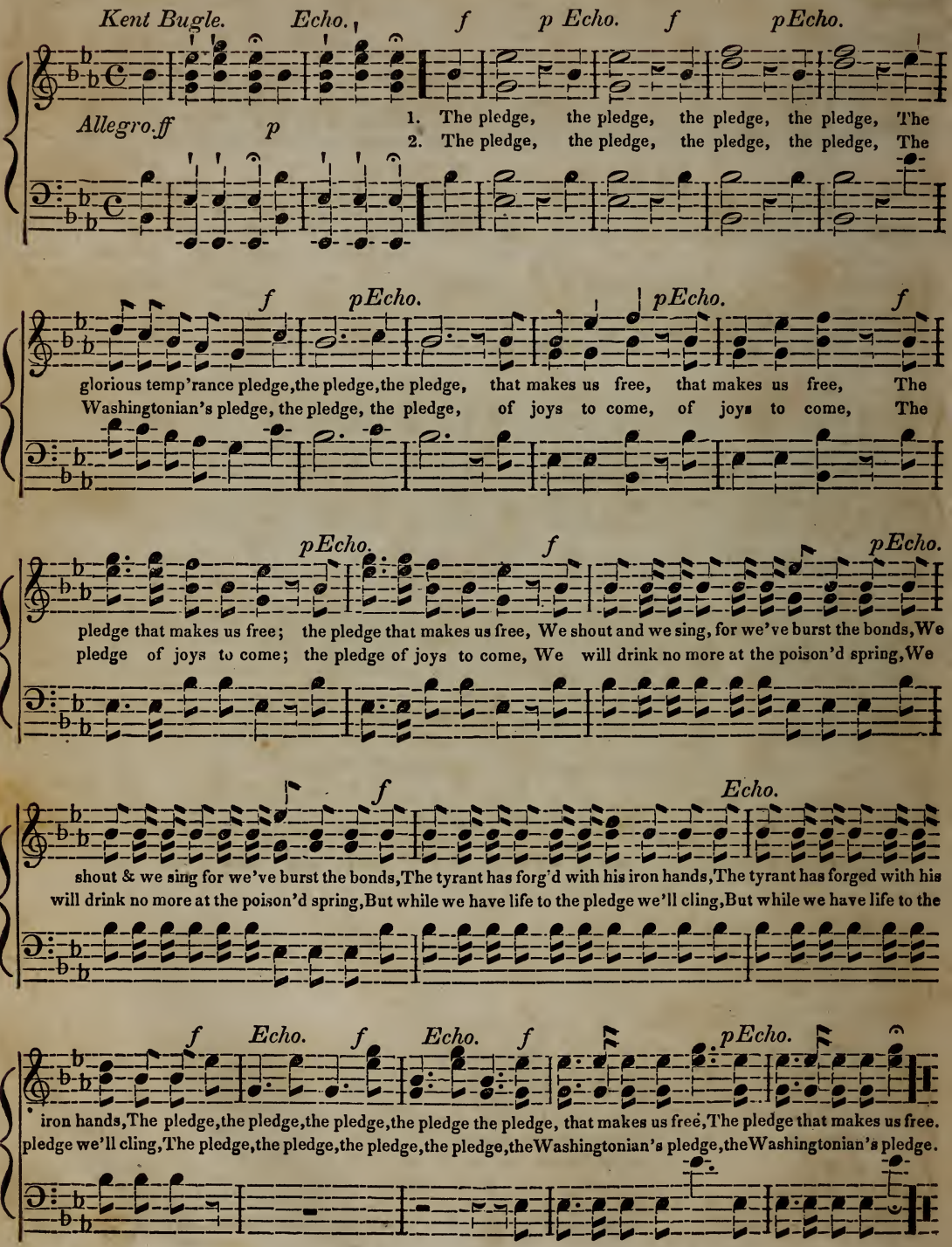
But the rescue's at hand,
And the Cold Water Band
Have restored me again
From my heart breaking pain.
And my lyre is now strung
For its loftiest song,
Praising God in defence
Of divine abstinence.
Tra la la la, &c.

A QUINTETTE. COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.



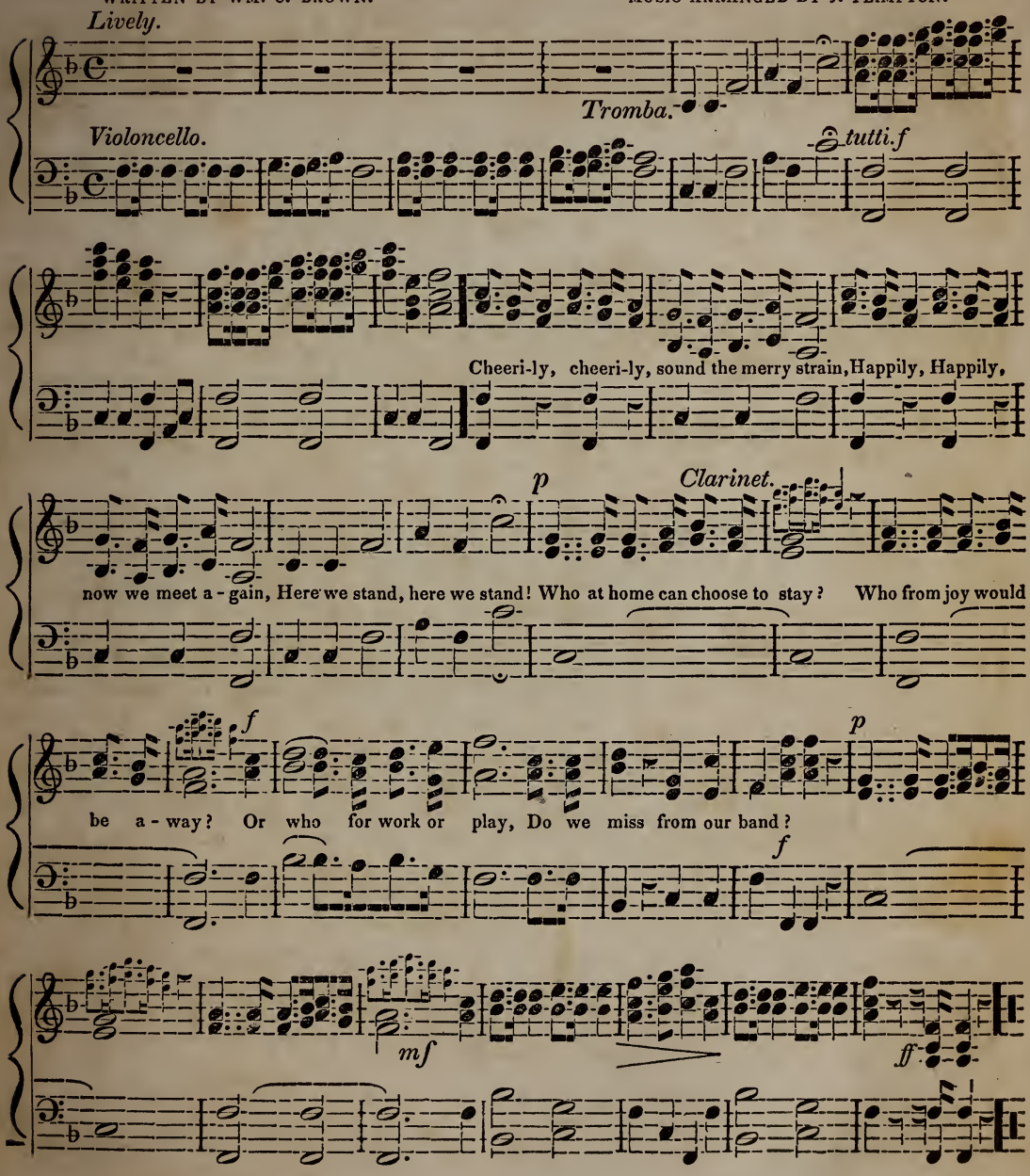
The Washingtonian's Echo Song.

WRITTEN BY C. D. LINCOLN. MUSIC, BY C. M. VON WEBER. ADAPTED BY J. PLIMPTON.



A Favorite Temperance Glee; as performed at Mr. Plimpton's Concert, for the benefit of the Washington Total Abstinence Society, Boston, 1842.

WRITTEN BY WM. C. BROWN. MUSIC ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



2

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again,
All are here! all are here!
All who to our band belong;
We're a Temperance army strong,
And we'll sound the merry song;
All are here, all are here!

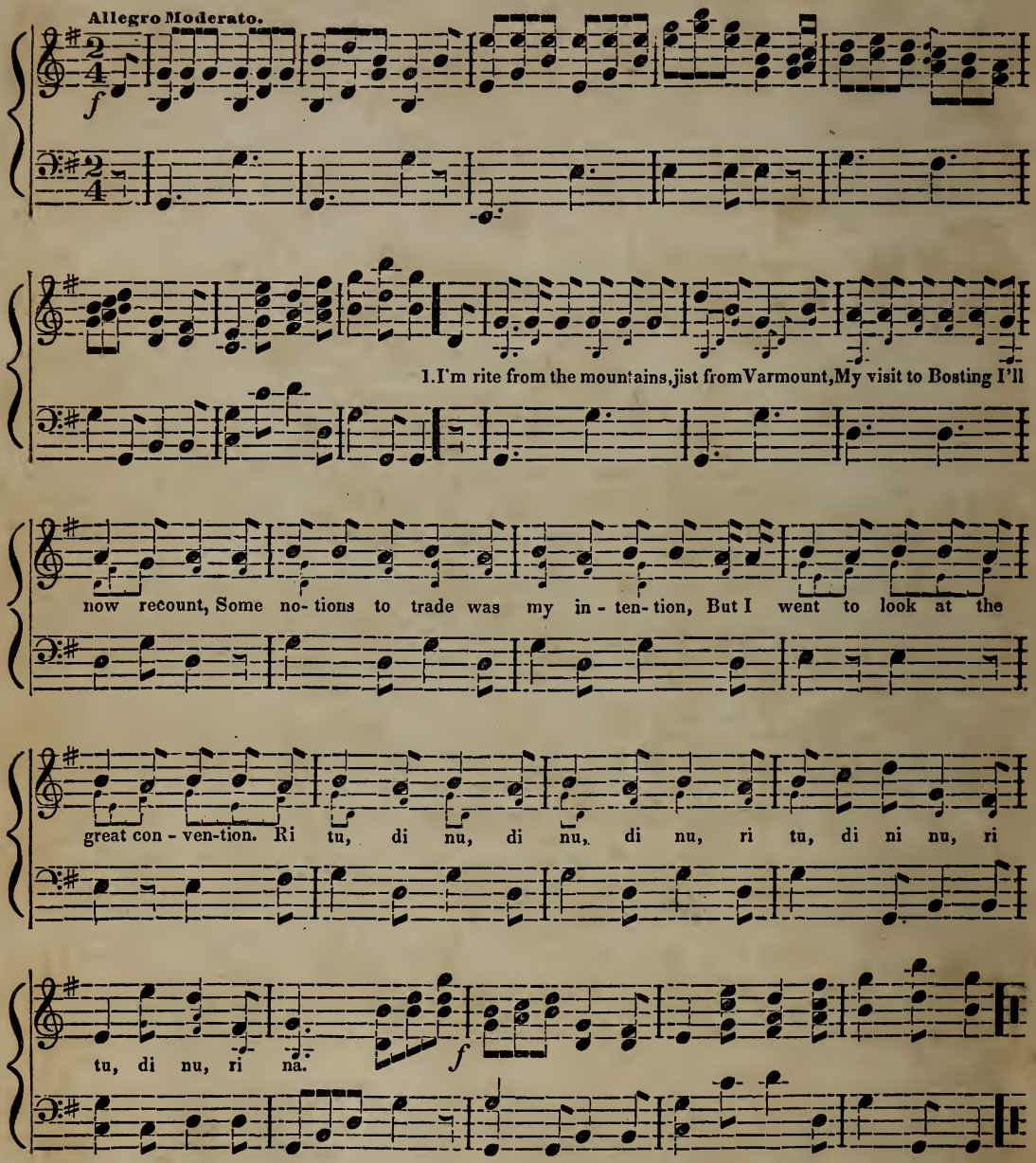
3

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again,
We are free, we are free,
Boys and girls just in our prime,
Lo! we greet this happy time;
Sing again the merry chime,
We are free, we are free!

Jonathan's Visit to Boston.

A Washingtonian Characteristic Song.

WORDS BY J. S. FOWLER. ARRANGED AND SUNG BY J. PLIMPTON.



2

The temperance folks than hail came faster,
And form'd their pro-cession in the cow pasture,
With abstinence flags, their mottos displaying,
And their | bands of mu-sic kept all the while playing,
Ri tu, &c.

3

Till they | got to the State-house to discuss
The curses of rum, and a tarnal fuss
They made about Alcohyle reigning o'er us,
Then they | sung a long tune, and this was the chorus,
O thattle be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Thattle be joyful when rum is drank no more.

4

Thinks | I cold water aint quite to my mind,
But to | meeting I went where pledges are sign'd;
They axt me to sign, and gave me a quill,—
Catch a weazel asleep, no, be darn'd if I will.
Ri tu, &c.

5

How- | swever their talking such candor evinc'd,
Of their | own reformation, that I was convinc'd,
And the | evil it brings upon all them as wont:
Szi | that is O. K. I'll be darn'd if I don't,
O then 'twill be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Then 'twill be joyful when young men drink no more.

6

The pledge in my pocket, I stivers for home,
To 'stablish a S'city there of my own;
For | tew put down the sarpently thing,
And the gals turn'd out and helpt us to sing,
O that was joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that was joyful, when gals did cheer us on.

7

But | old deacon Simpkins, he lov'd his cup
Of old new and 'lasses, and wouldn't give it up,
But said he was willing the pledge to sign,
If | jest 'low'd to drink his cider and wine.
Ri tu, &c.

8

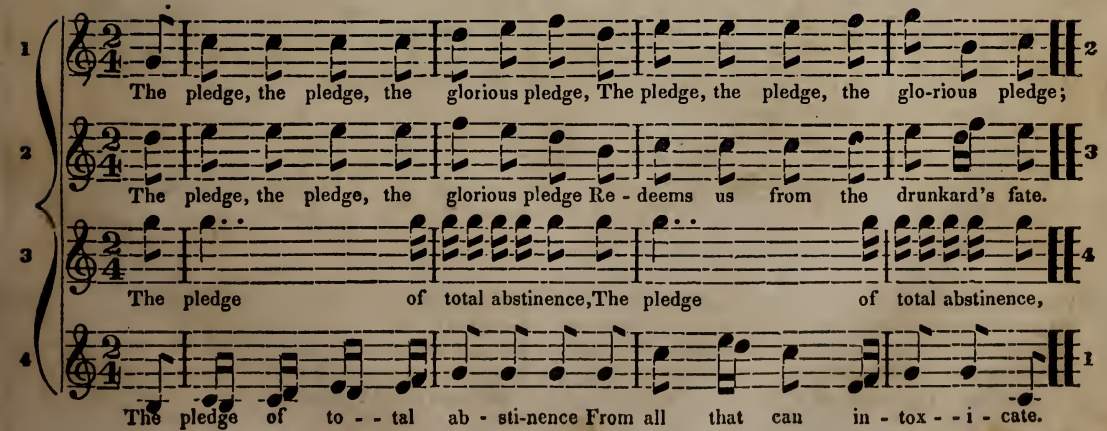
Now, deacon, says I, you must come tew it,
With moral swasion I made him dew it,
I said if he would, I'd marry his daughter,
Then quickly he agreed to drink nothing but water,
O that was joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that was joyful when old men drank no more.

9

Now the | slickest notion I find in my life,
Was signing the pledge—it got me a wife.
I'll preach against rum as long as I've breath,
And the tarnal critter I'll fight until death.
O then 'twill be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Then 'twill be joyful when toil and strife are o'er.

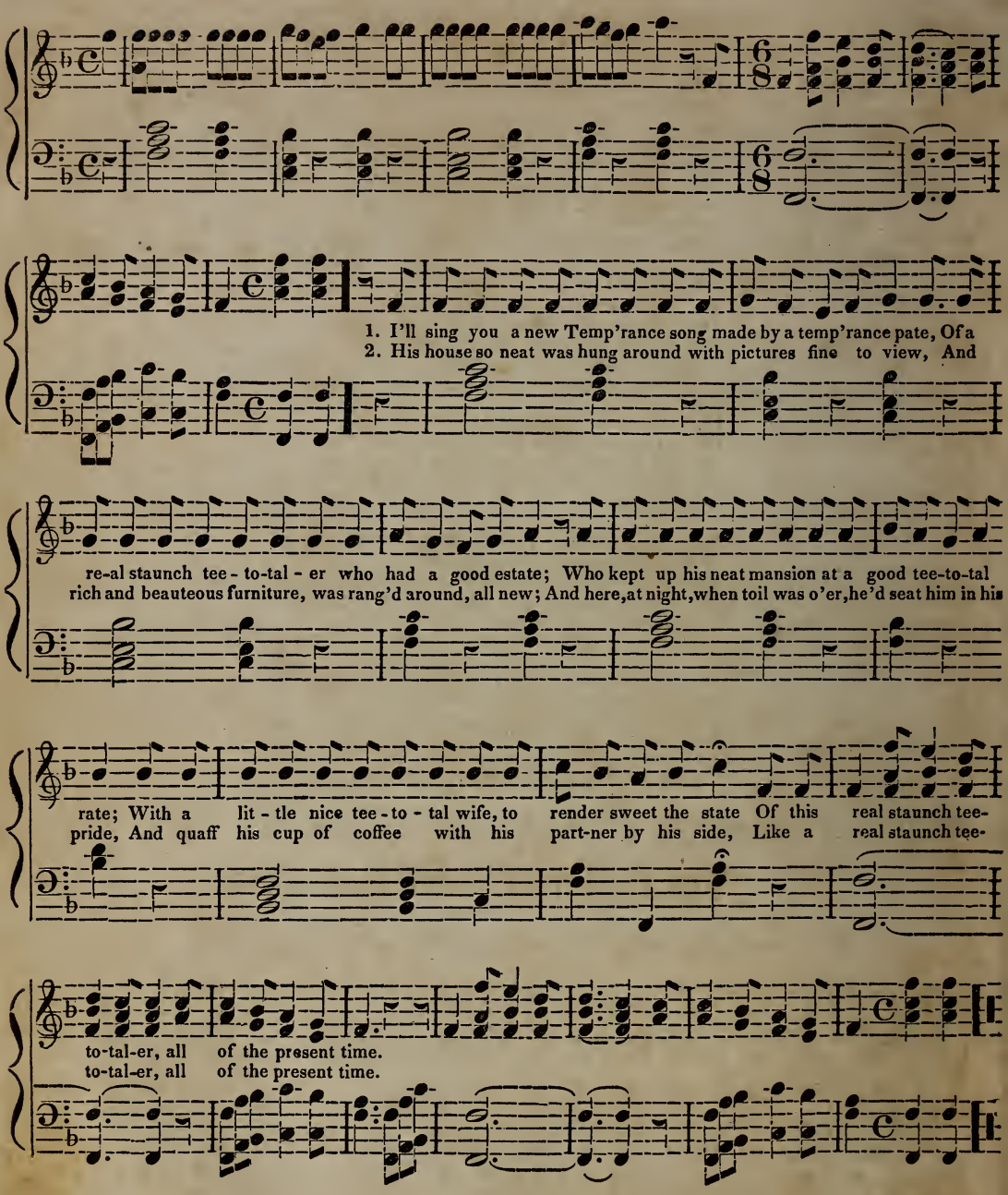
The Pledge of Total Abstinence.

A ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES, COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.



Song. — The Staunch Teetotaler.

Old Chant.



3

When winter, with its frost and snow, threw darkness o'er the scene,
He felt how happy he was then to what he once had been;
And if he heard the orphan's cry—the cravings of the poor—
He gave as much as he could spare, he could not well give more,
For he was a Tee-totaler, all of the present time.

4

He used to beat his weeping wife, and spend his hard earn'd gains
In buying whiskey, ale and wine, to stupify his brains;
His coat was out at elbows, and his hat without a crown;
In short, he was a common pest, a nuisance to the town,
Before he turn'd Tee-totaler all of the present time.

5

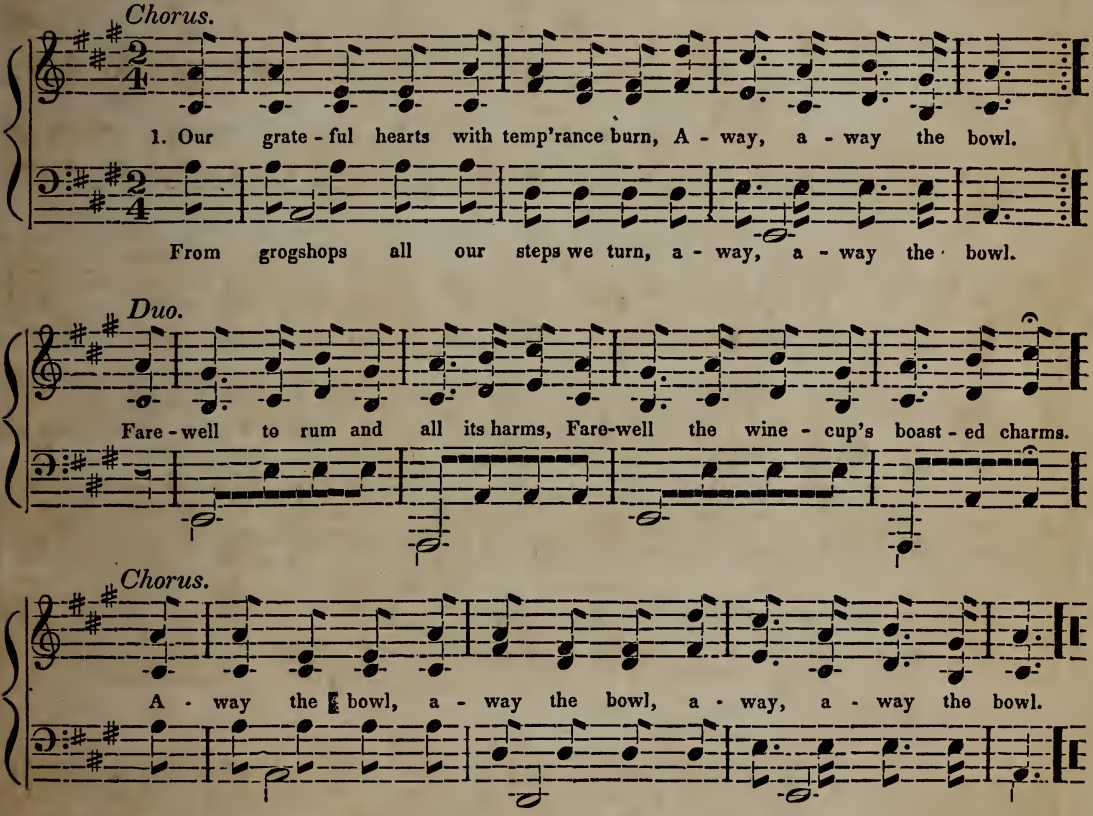
But now so happy is his life—so nicely is he dress'd—
He never beats his little wife—but clasps her to his breast!
And if a tear is in her eye, it is for joy that he
Has crush'd his drunken appetite, and turned out to be
A real staunch tee-totaler, one of the present time.

6

Now surely this is better far than whiskey, ale or wine,
And if you wish for happiness, I pray you come and *sign*;
For I can prove that Abstinence has done great things for me,
For once I lov'd a little drop, but now I am, you see,
A real staunch tee-totaler, one of the present time.

Away the Bowl.—For the Cold Water Army.

AIR,—THE SWISS BATTLE SONG. ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



2

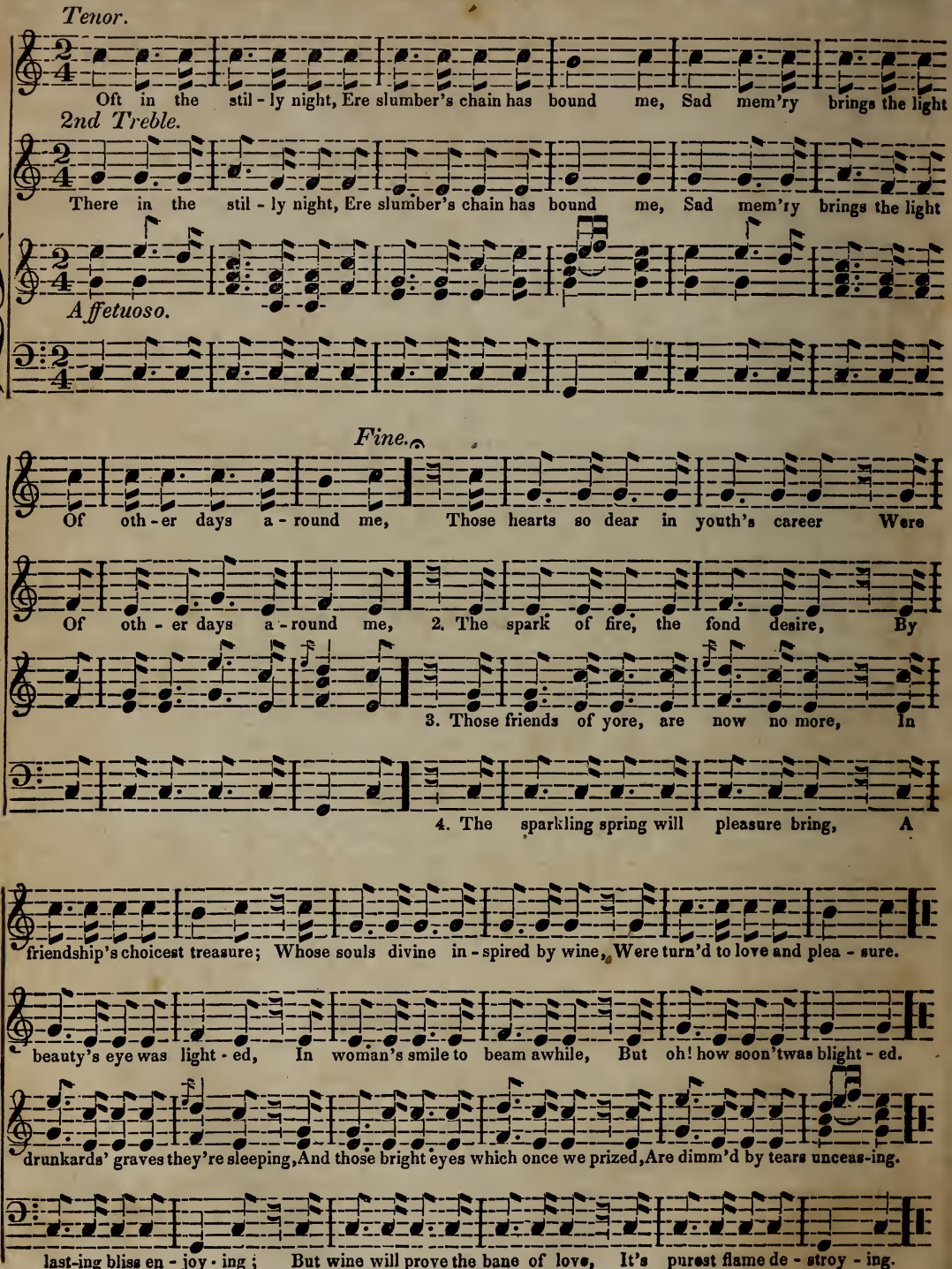
See how the staggering drunkard reels,
Away, away the bowl.
Alas! the misery he reveals,
Away, away the bowl.
His children grieve, his wife's in tears,
How sad his once bright home appears!
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

3

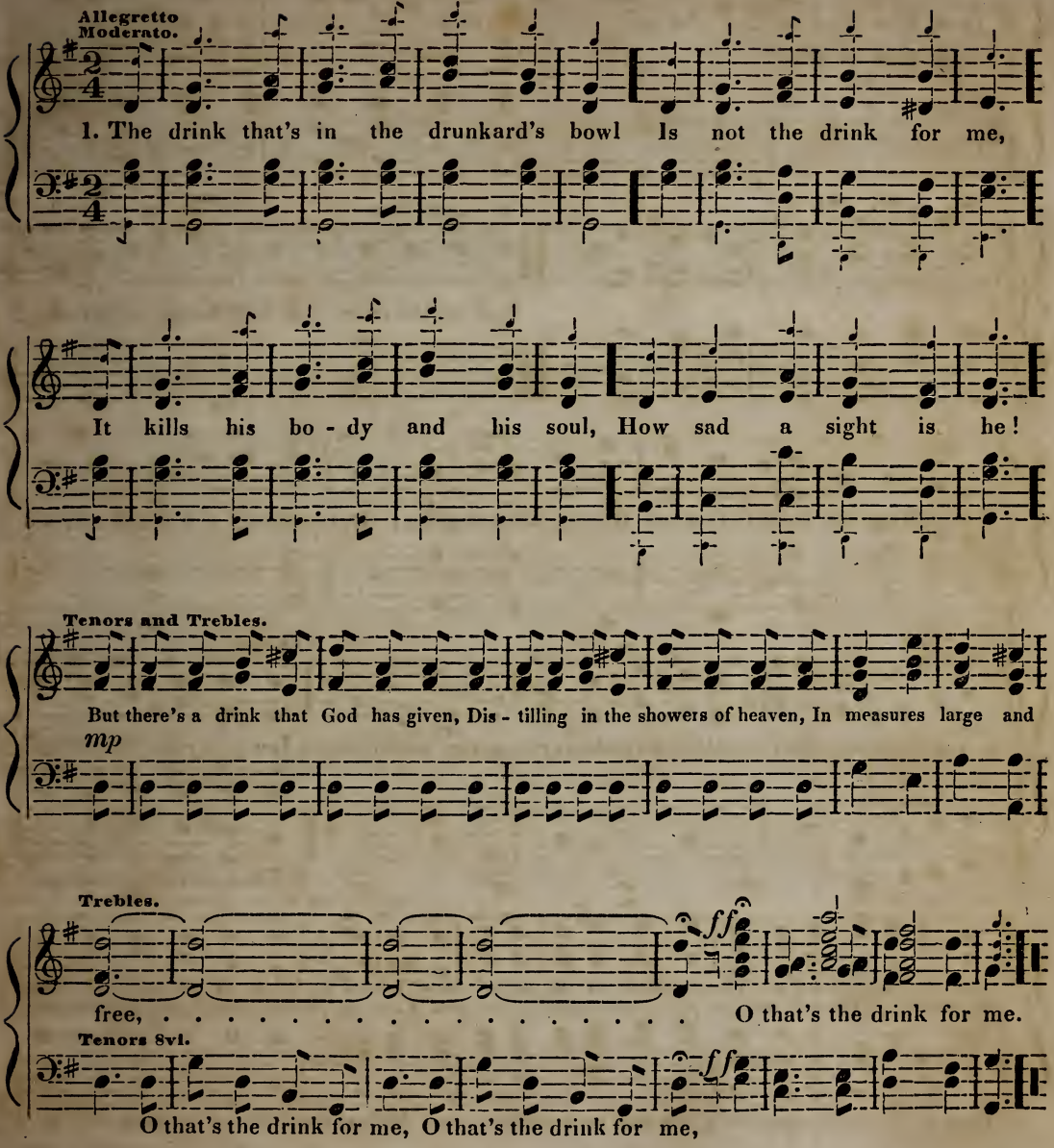
Boys. We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,
Away, away the bowl.
Girls. The drunkard's offers we repel,
Away, away the bowl.
Both. United in a temperance band,
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
Away the bowl, away the bowl,
Away, away the bowl.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH AIR, HARMONISED FOR FOUR VOICES, BY J. PLIMPTON. WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER.



Accompaniment 8ves. MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.



2

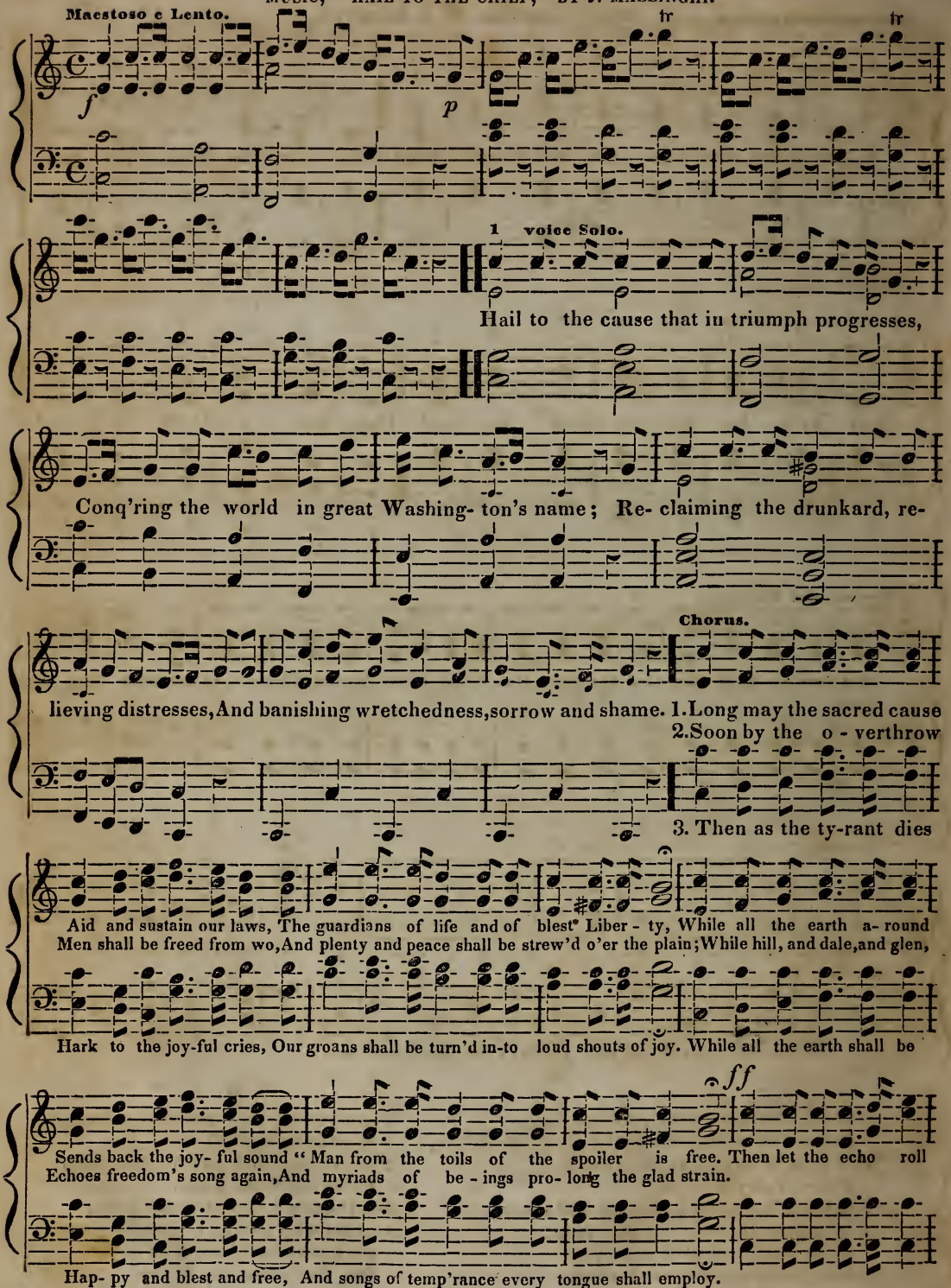
The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he;
Oh, that's the stream for me.

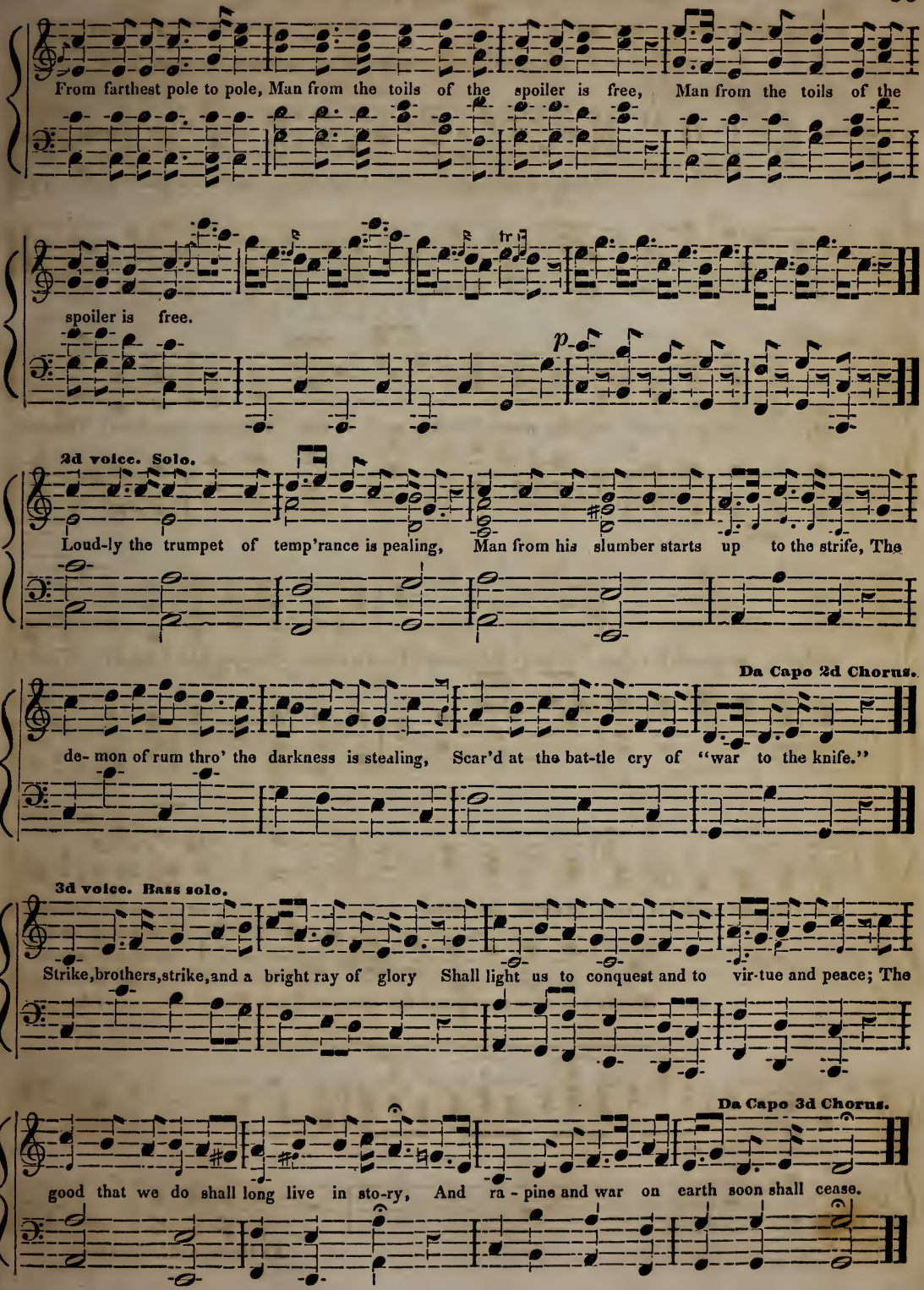
3

The winecup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me;
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see.
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days;
Oh, that's the cup for me.

Hail to the Cause.

MUSIC, "HAIL TO THE CHIEF," BY J. MAZZINGHI.

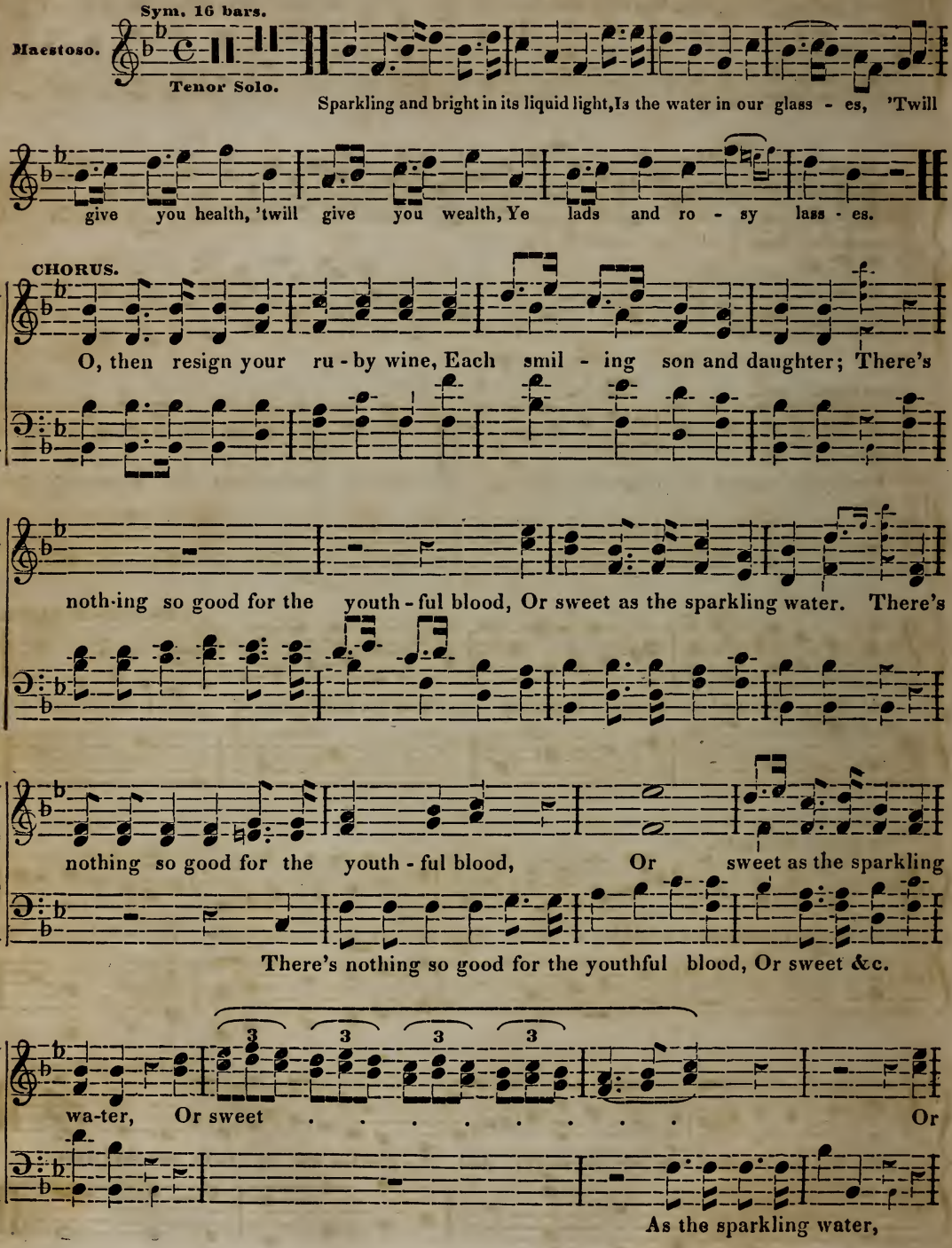


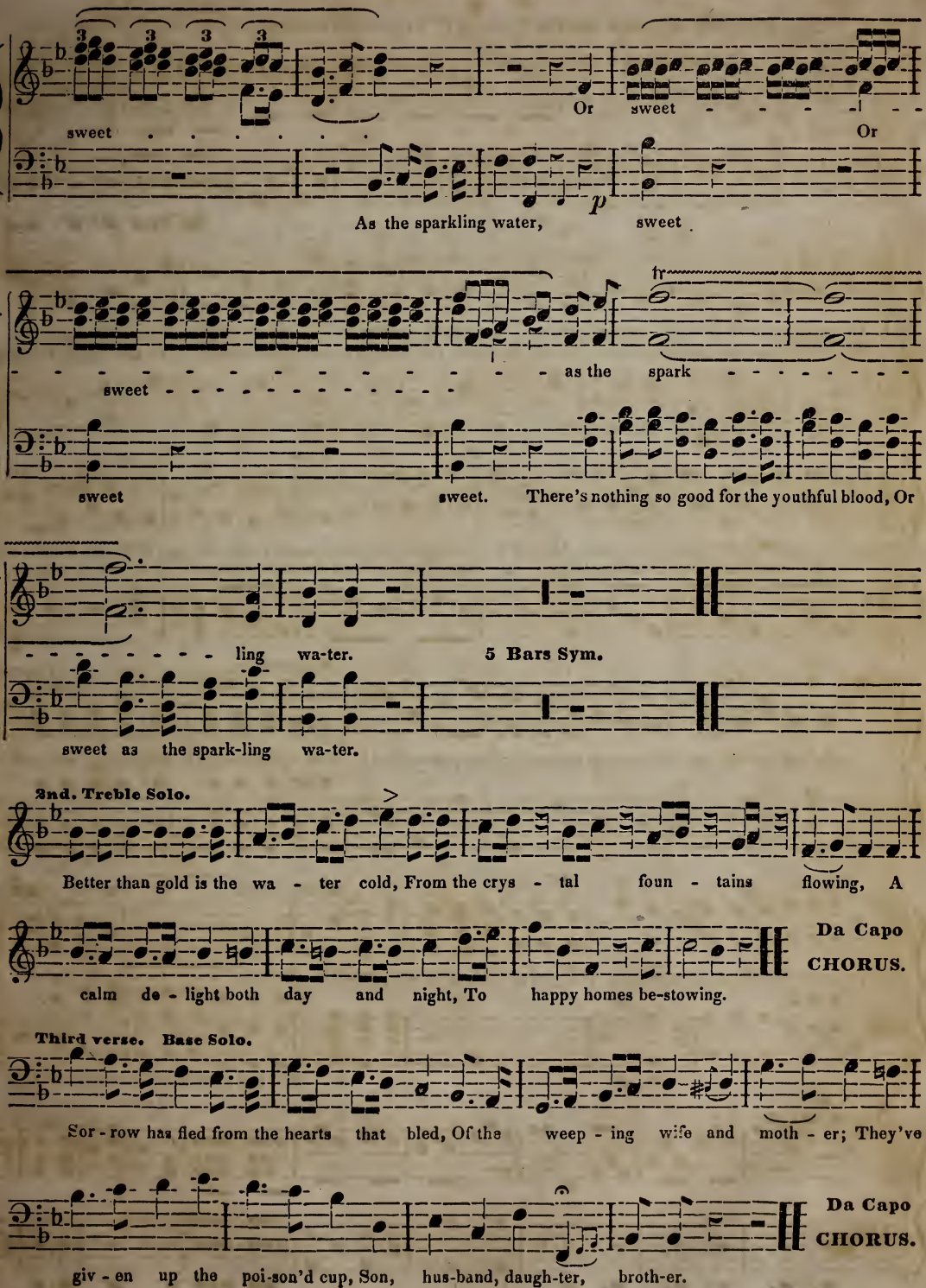

From farthest pole to pole, Man from the toils of the spoiler is free, Man from the toils of the
spoiler is free.
p
2d voice. Solo.
Loud-ly the trumpet of temp'rance is pealing, Man from his slumber starts up to the strife, The
Da Capo 2d Chorus.
de- mon of rum thro' the darkness is stealing, Scar'd at the bat-tle cry of "war to the knife."
3d voice. Bass solo.
Strike, brothers, strike, and a bright ray of glory Shall light us to conquest and to vir-tue and peace; The
Da Capo 3d Chorus.
good that we do shall long live in sto-ry, And ra - pine and war on earth soon shall cease.

Washingtonian Glee. — Sparkling and Bright.

WORDS WRITTEN BY MRS. DANA. MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.

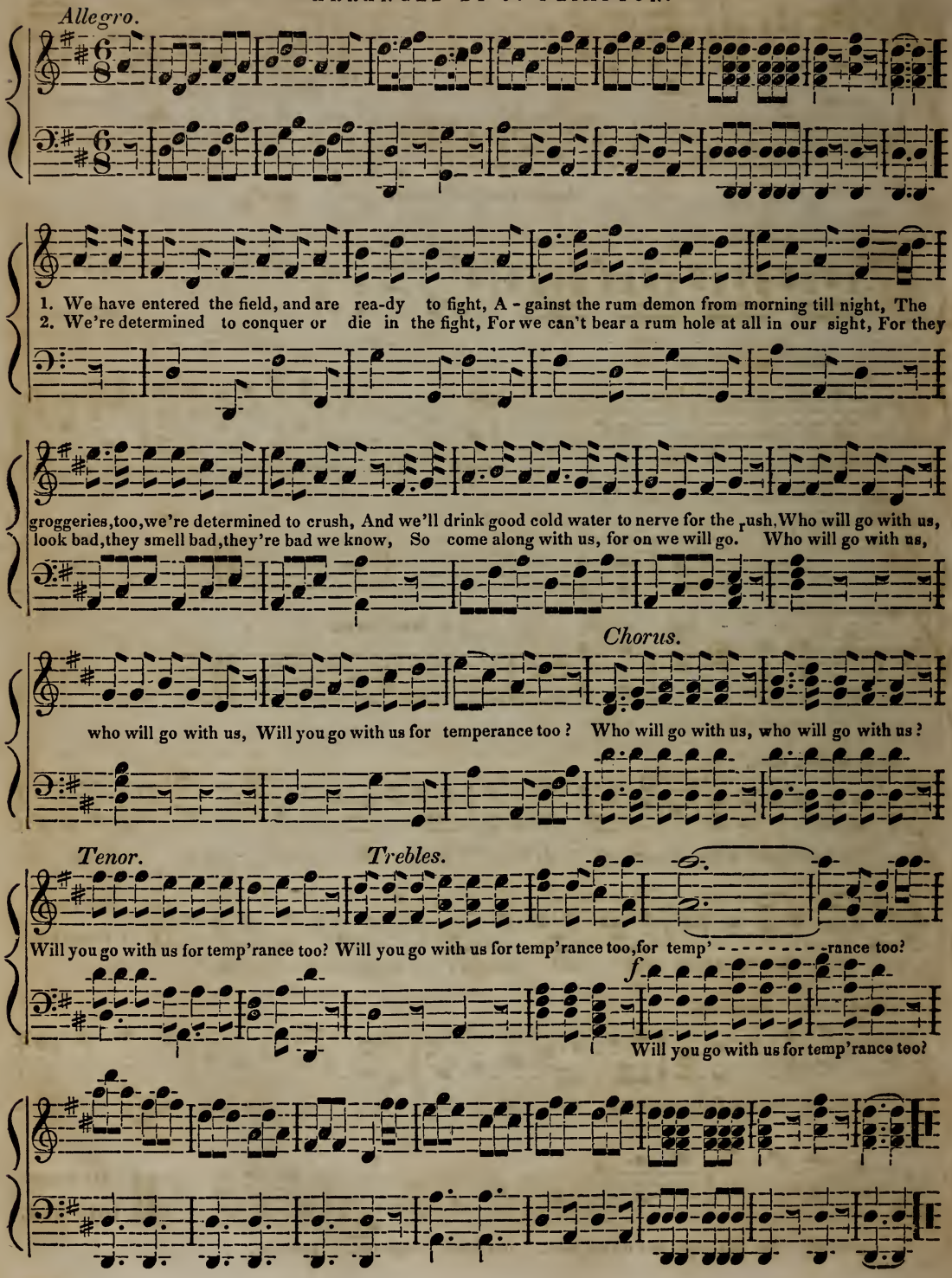
Symphonies and Accompaniments found in the Washingtonian Minstrel.




sweet
Or sweet
Or
As the sparkling water, sweet
as the spark
sweet
sweet
sweet. There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or
ling wa-ter.
5 Bars Sym.
sweet as the spark-ling wa-ter.
2nd. Treble Solo.
Better than gold is the wa - ter cold, From the crys - tal foun - tains flowing, A
Da Capo
CHORUS.
calm de - light both day and night, To happy homes be-stowing.
Third verse. Base Solo.
Sor - row has fled from the hearts that bled, Of the weep - ing wife and moth - er; They've
Da Capo
CHORUS.
giv - en up the poi-son'd cup, Son, hus-band, daugh-ter, broth-er.

Song and Chorus. — The Temperance Rally.

ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.



3

Now ye rum selling gentry, our advice is to you,
Just drop your foul traffic, for it never will do.
It is injuring us—it is ruining you,
So get yourself out and go teetotal too.
Who will go with us, &c.

4

Now ladies, good ladies, we ask you to-night,
Just go along with us and aid in the fight—
With you on our side, this is what we will do,
We'll make all the topers go teetotal too.
Who will go with us, &c.

Sweetest Carol.

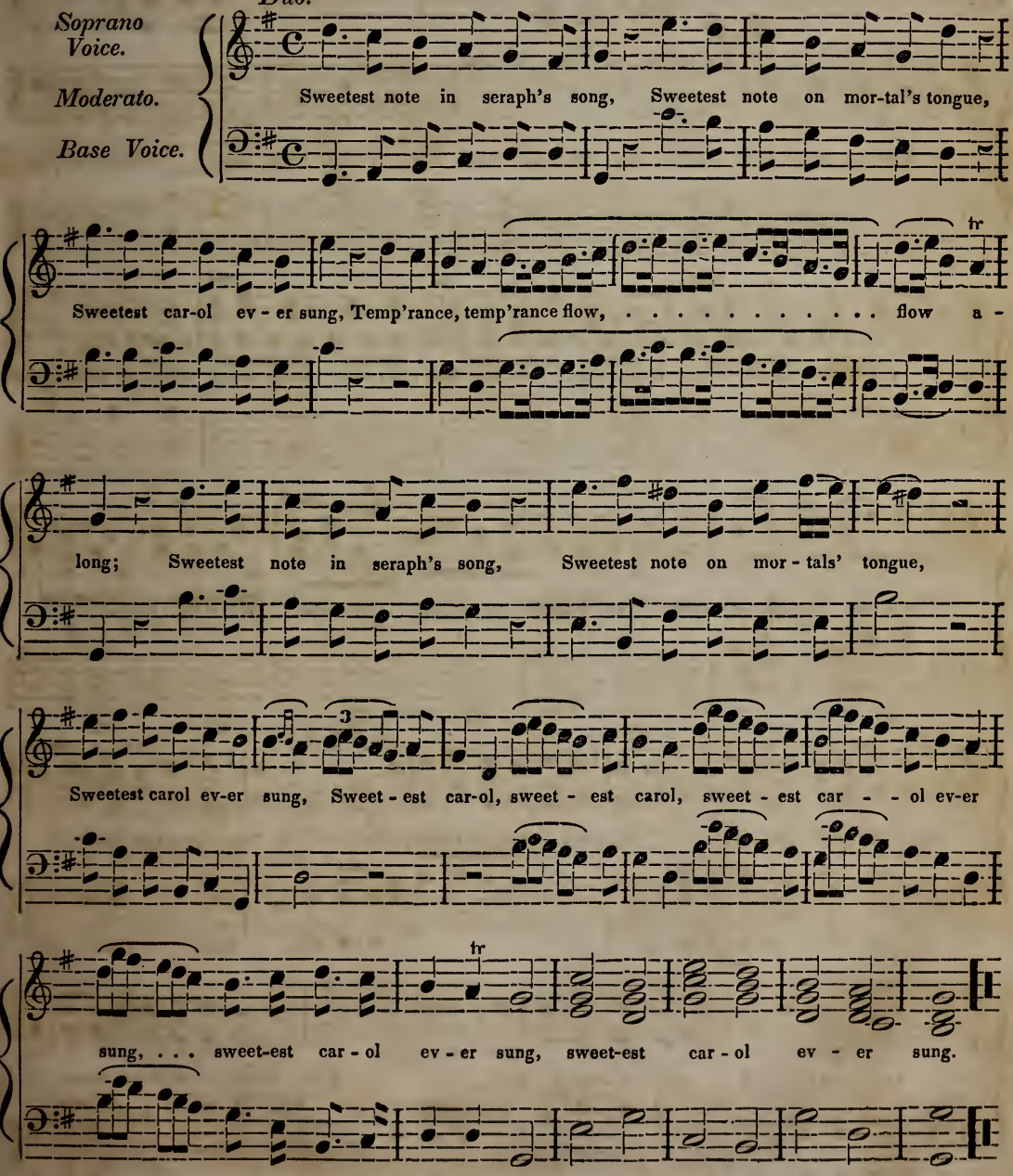
Leach.

Duo.

Soprano Voice.

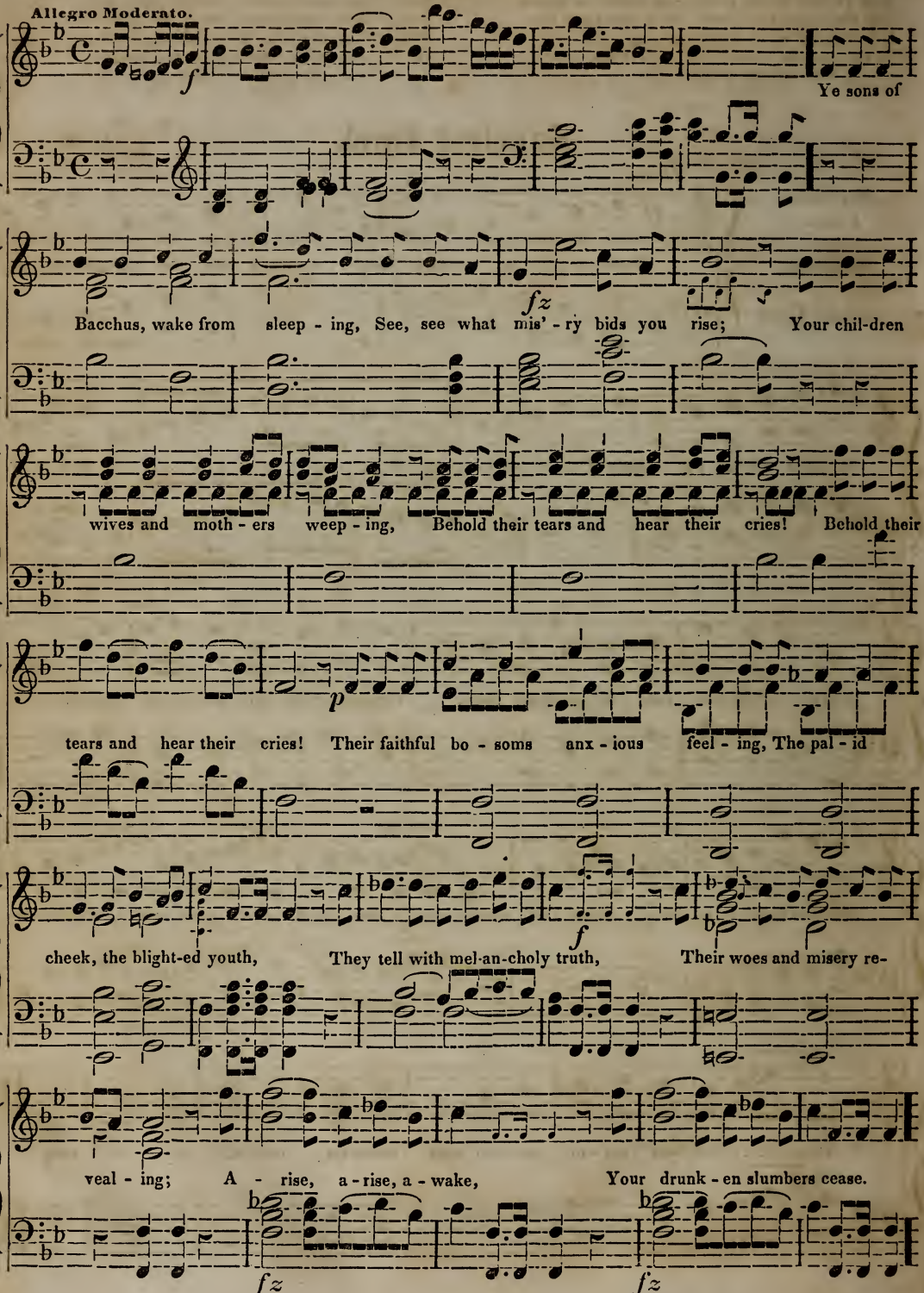
Moderato.

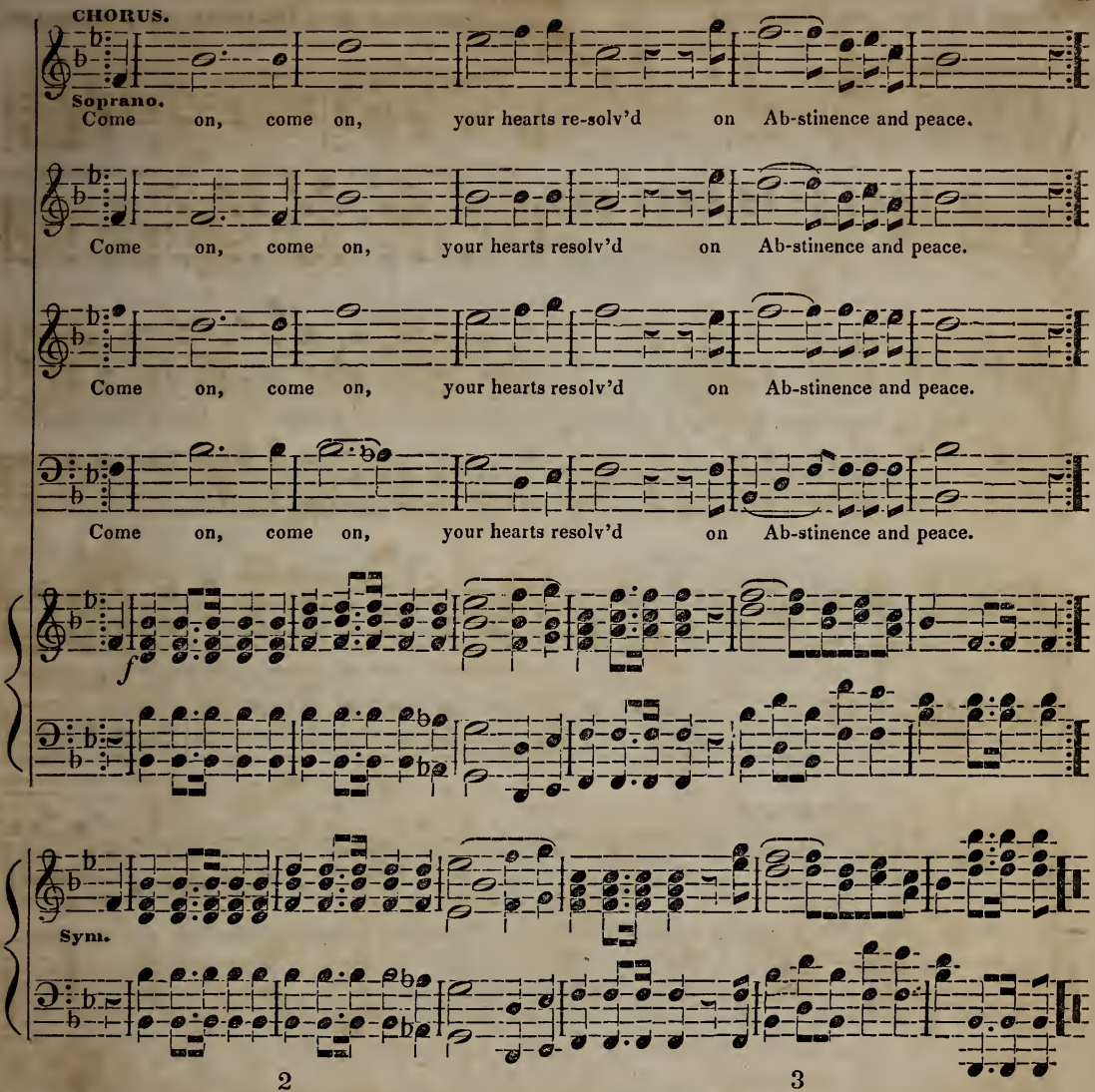
Base Voice.



Ye Sons of Bacchus.

Written by J. S. Fowler. Adapted to the celebrated French National Air, the Marseilles Hymn, by J. Plimpton.





2

For now the rays of morn are dawning,
And temp'rance sheds her hallow'd light,
The glorious sun breaks on the morning,
The radiant star illumes the night;
And shall we basely waste in dreaming
Our senses and our lives away!
Debased slaves to Alcohol's sway
When Liberty's bright light is beaming;
Arise, arise, awake,
Your drunken slumbers cease.

CHORUS.

Come on, come on, your hearts resolv'd
On Abstinence and peace.

3

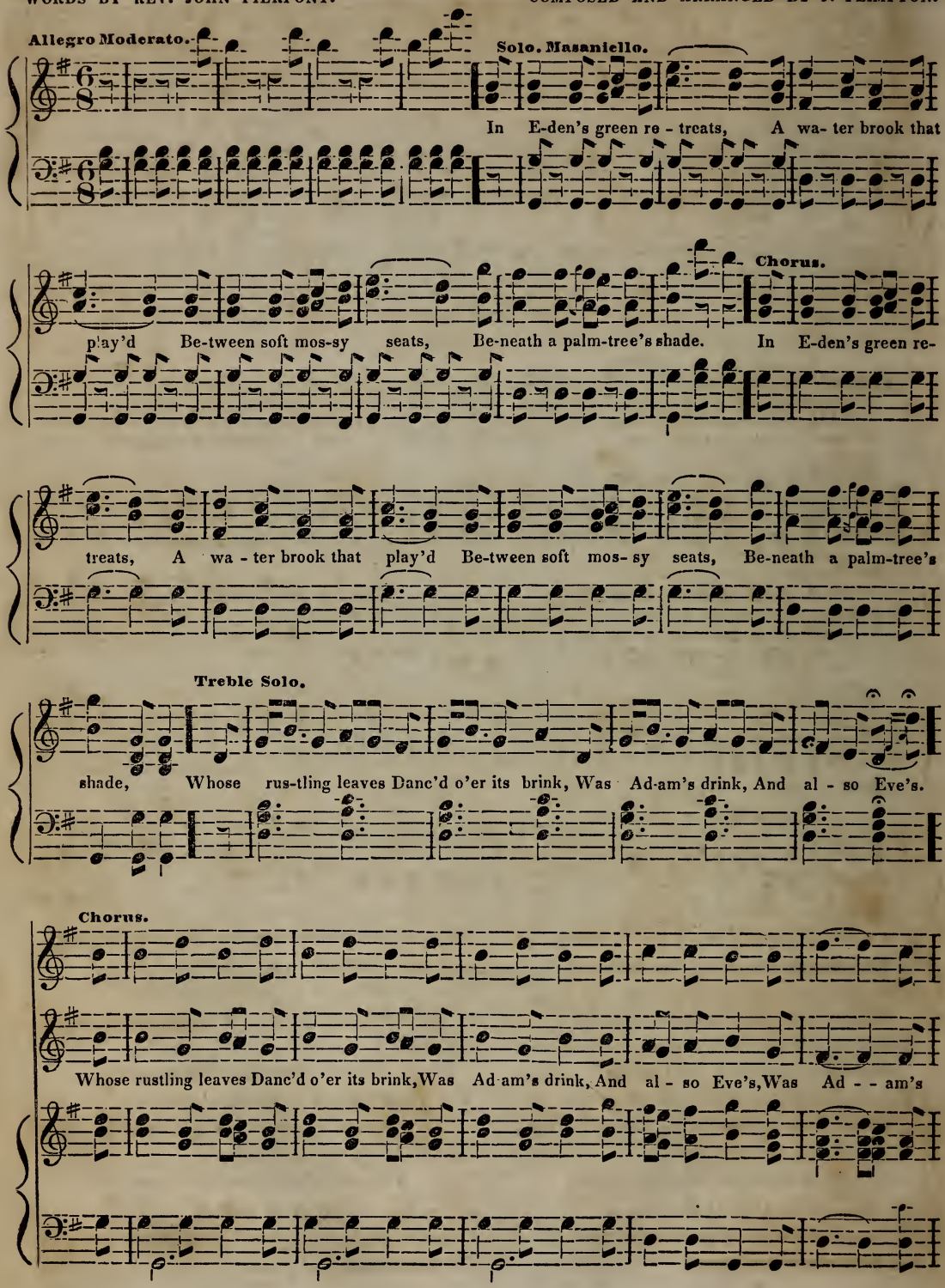
Hark! hark the temp'rance call is sounding,
Awake and stay your children's tears,
Destroy the curse in wine abounding,
Your wives' distress, their anxious fears,
Behold our standard proudly waving,
Come join our Washingtonian band;
The pledge gives freedom to our land,
Our glorious cause, a world is saving,
Arise, arise, awake,
Your drunken slumbers cease.

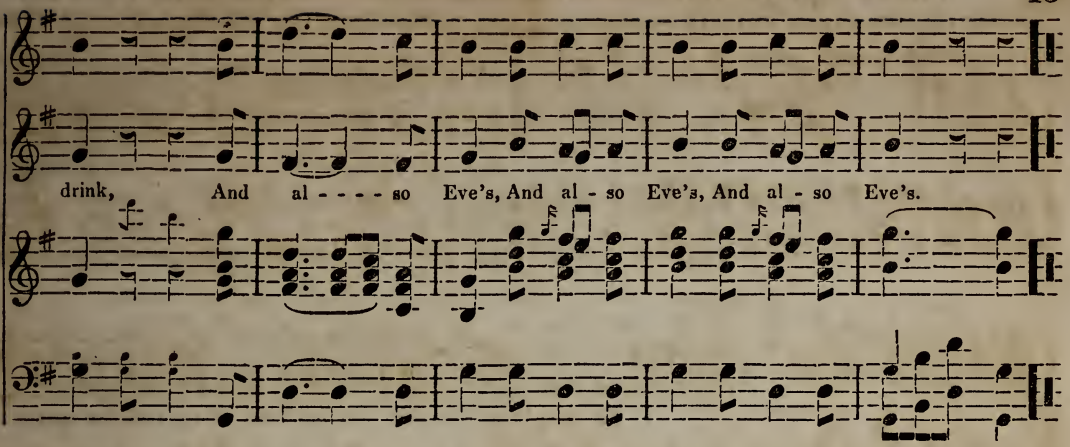
CHORUS.

Come on, come on, your hearts resolv'd
On Abstinence and peace.

The Pure Spring of Eden.

WORDS BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.





2 Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing;
And Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass, that fringed its side,
And made its tide her looking-glass.

3 And, when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod,
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill of water gush'd,
And on they rush'd and drank their fill.

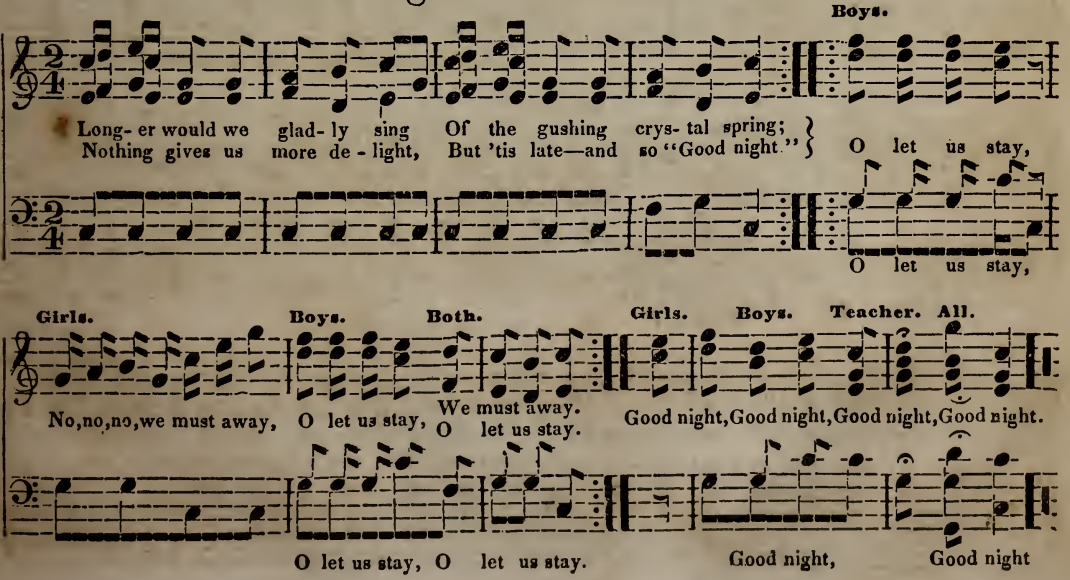
4 Would Eden thus have smiled,
Had wine to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with rum?
And had Eve's hair been dress'd in gin,
Would she have been reflected fair?

5 Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host,
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
Would cooler brains, or stronger hands,
Have braved the sands of those hot plains?

6 "Sweet fields" beyond death's flood
"Stand dress'd in living green;"
For, from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls, where all who will
May come and fill their crystal bowls.

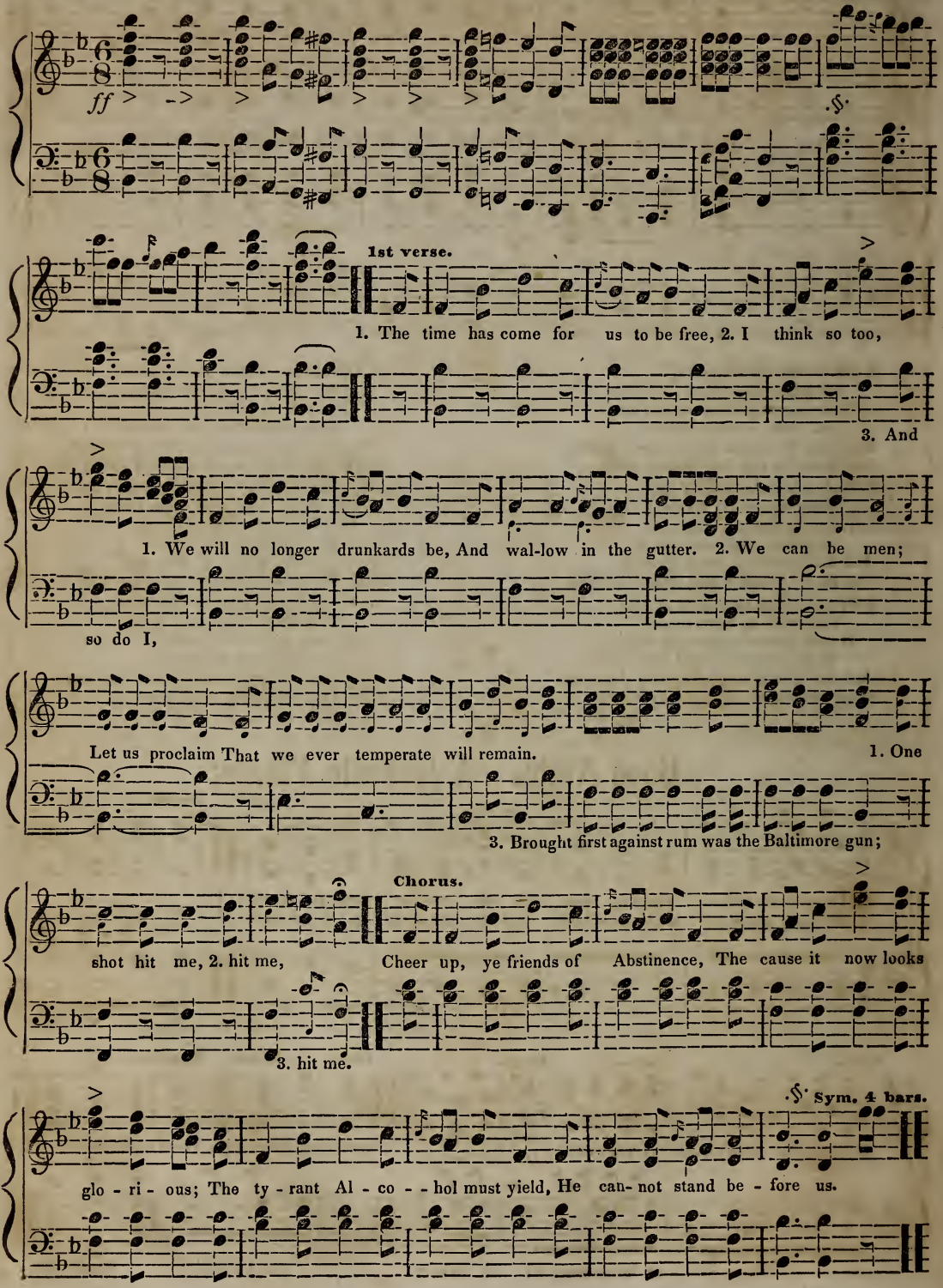
7 If Eden's strength and bloom
Cold water thus hath given,
If, even beyond the tomb,
It is the drink of heaven,
Are not good wells, and crystal springs,
The very things for our Hotels?

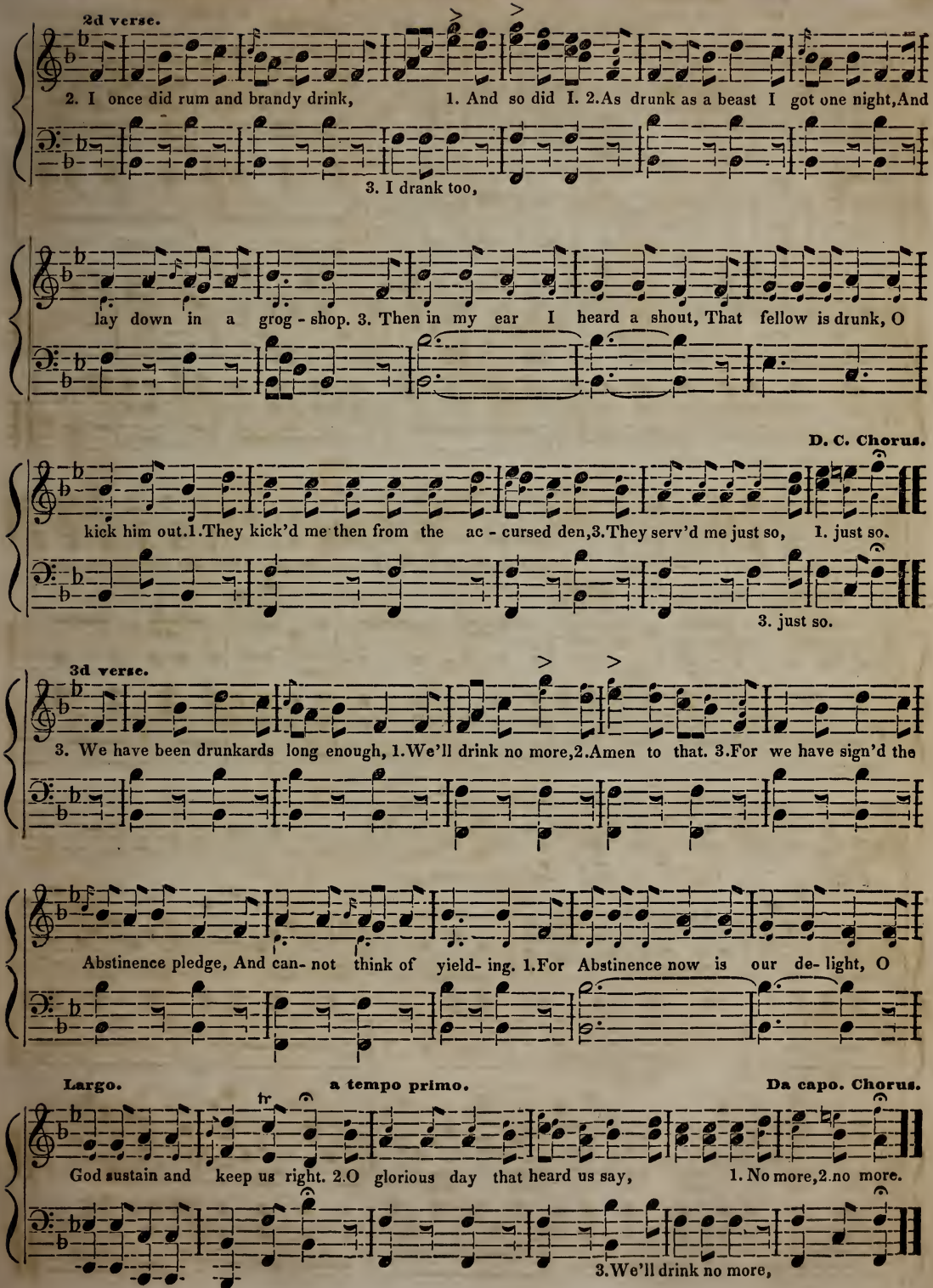
Good Night. A Juvenile Finale.



Cheer up, ye friends of Abstinence.—Trio, with Chorus.

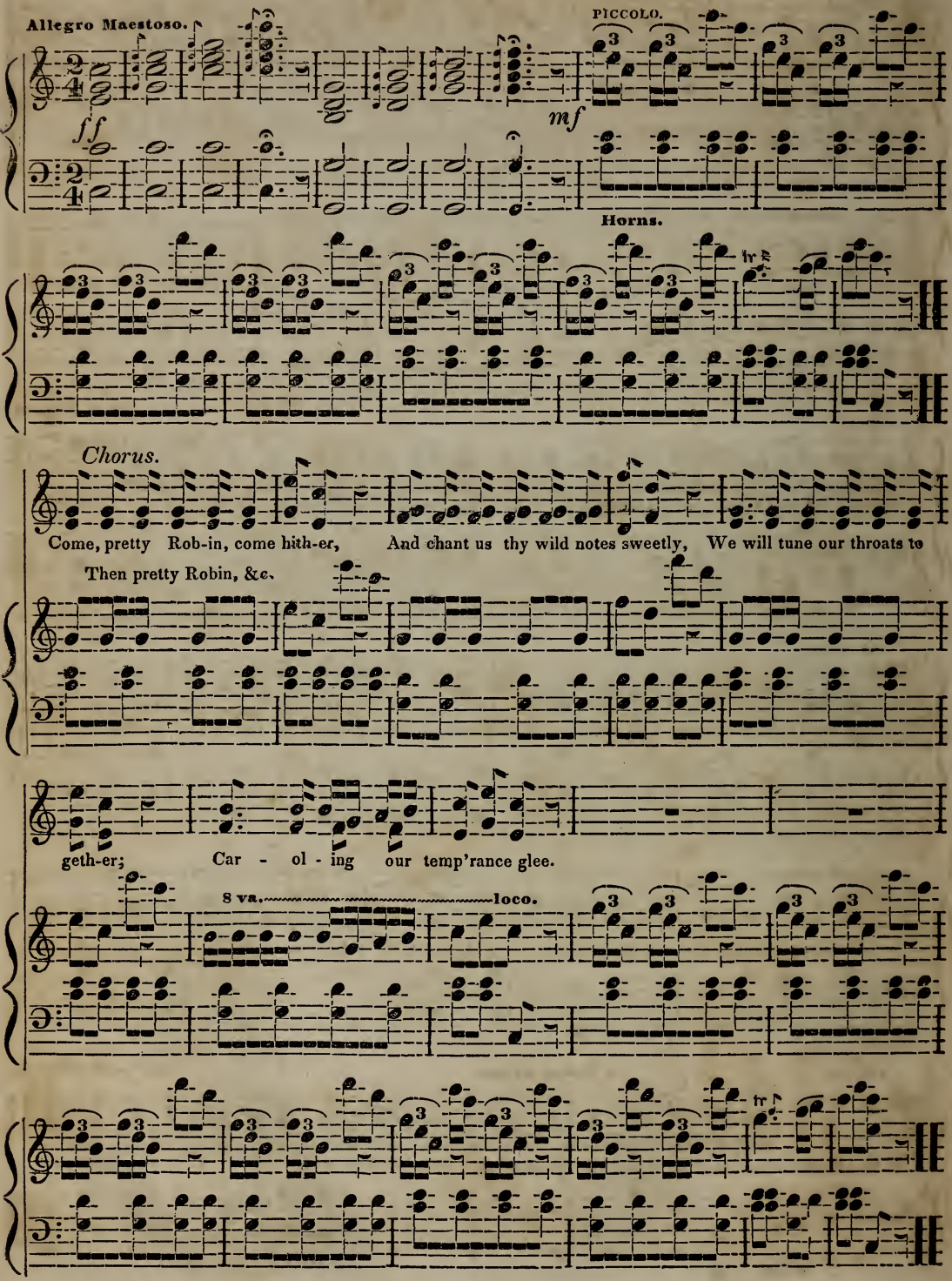
MUSIC SELECTED FROM KNAEBLE'S QUICKSTEP. COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY J. PLIMPTON.

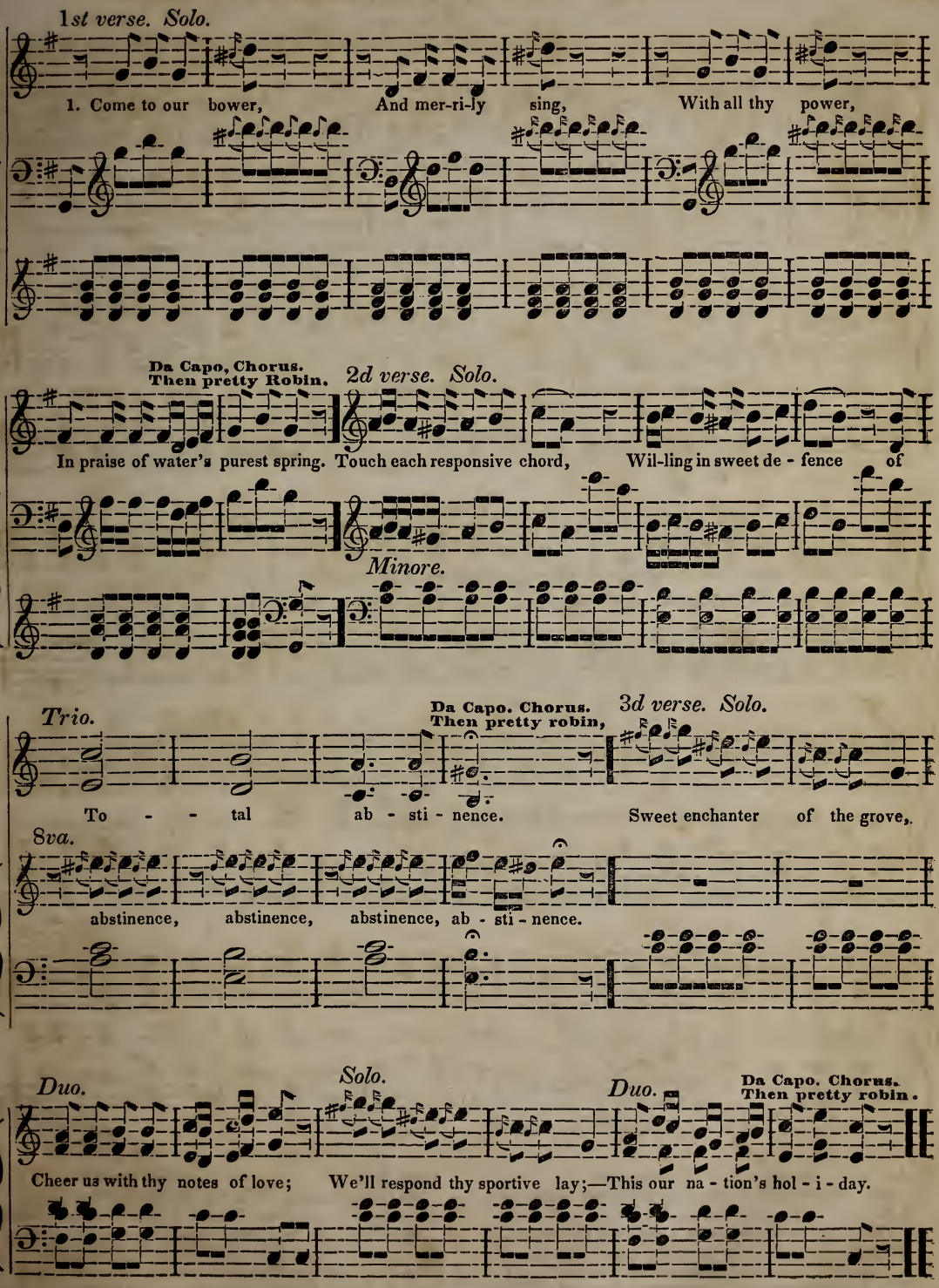



2d verse.
2. I once did rum and brandy drink, 1. And so did I. 2.As drunk as a beast I got one night,And
3. I drank too,
lay down in a grog - shop. 3. Then in my ear I heard a shout, That fellow is drunk, O
D. C. Chorus.
kick him out.1.They kick'd me then from the ac - cursed den,3.They serv'd me just so, 1. just so.
3. just so.
3d verse.
3. We have been drunkards long enough, 1.We'll drink no more,2.Amen to that. 3.For we have sign'd the
Abstinence pledge, And can- not think of yield- ing. 1.For Abstinence now is our de- light, O
Largo.
a tempo primo.
Da capo. Chorus.
tr
God sustain and keep us right. 2.O glorious day that heard us say, 1. No more,2.no more.
3.We'll drink no more,

The Robin. — A Juvenile Temperance Glee.

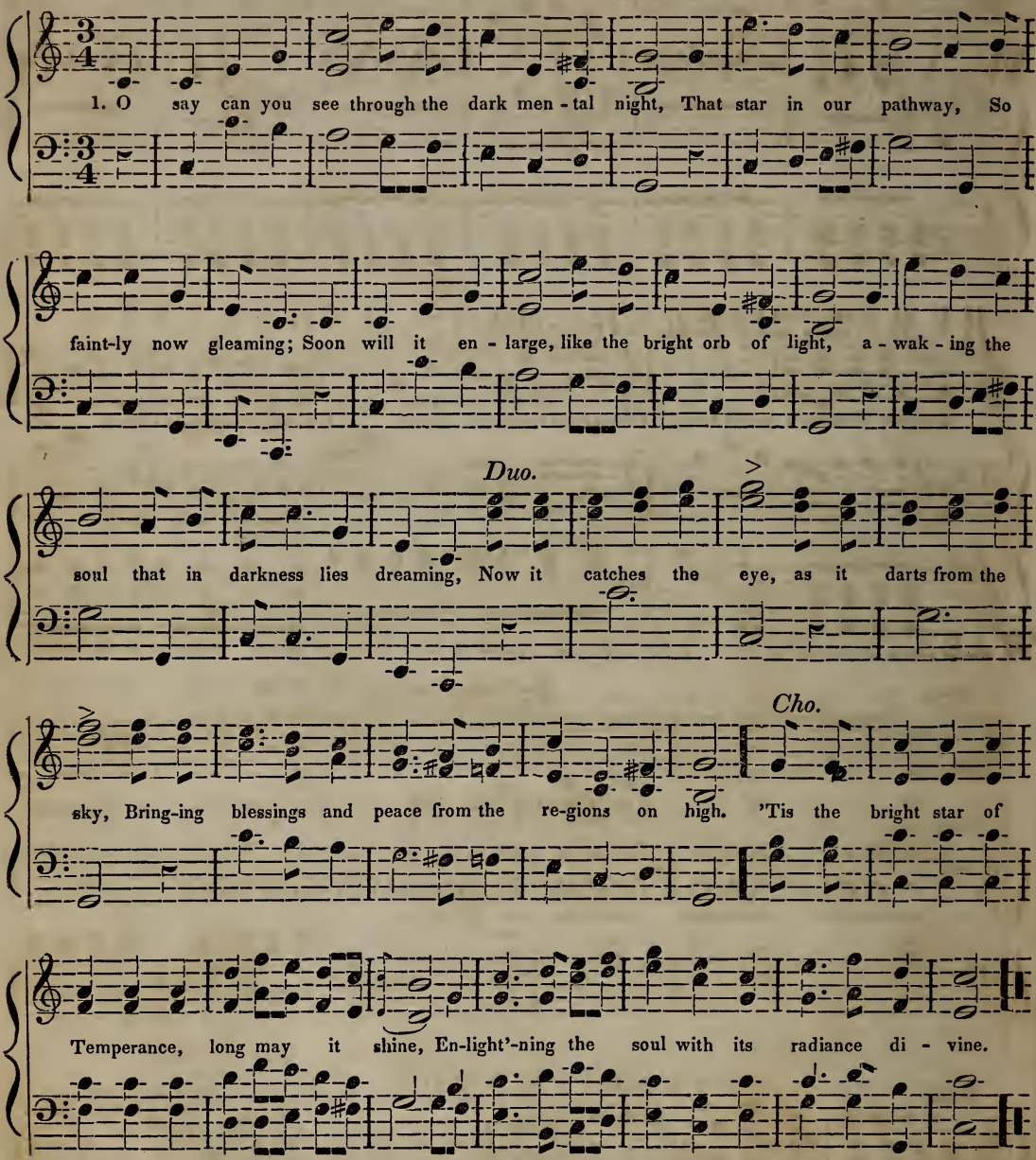
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY J. PLIMPTON.




1st verse. Solo.
1. Come to our bower, And mer-ri-ly sing, With all thy power,
Da Capo, Chorus.
Then pretty Robin.
2d verse. Solo.
In praise of water's purest spring. Touch each responsive chord, Wil-ling in sweet de - fence of
Minore.
Trio.
Da Capo. Chorus.
Then pretty robin,
3d verse. Solo.
To - - tal ab - sti - nence. Sweet enchanter of the grove,
8va.
abstinence, abstinence, abstinence, ab - sti - nence.
Duo.
Solo.
Duo.
Da Capo. Chorus.
Then pretty robin.
Cheer us with thy notes of love; We'll respond thy sportive lay;—This our na - tion's hol - i - day.

The Star of Temperance.

Song, Duet and Chorus,—Arranged by J. Plimpton. Air, Anacreon in Heaven—Star Spangled Banner, &c.



2

And where is that host by Intemperance led,
To virtue and truth breathing death and destruction?
Like chaff on the wings of the wind they have fled,
Or listen'd to Temp'rance's hallow'd instruction.
There's a refuge can save the intemperate slave
From the horror of Death and the criminal's grave:
'Tis the bright star of Temperance! long may it shine,
Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance divine.

3

Thus, be it ever, when mankind shall come
No longer base slaves in the drunkards' dominion:
They shall rise like the Phœnix, from ashes and gloom,
And rejoice as they float on glad Hope's airy pinion;
Then prosper they must, for their cause is most just,
And will aid them in splendor to rise from the dust;
And the bright star of Temperance o'er them shall shine,
Enlight'ning the soul with its radiance divine.

THE

WASHINGTONIAN CHOIR.

PART SECOND.

HYMNS, SACRED SONGS, AND CHANTS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ADAPTED

TO THE SERVICE OF THE

WASHINGTON TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES; AND PROVIDED WITH AN

ORGAN

OR PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT,

BY

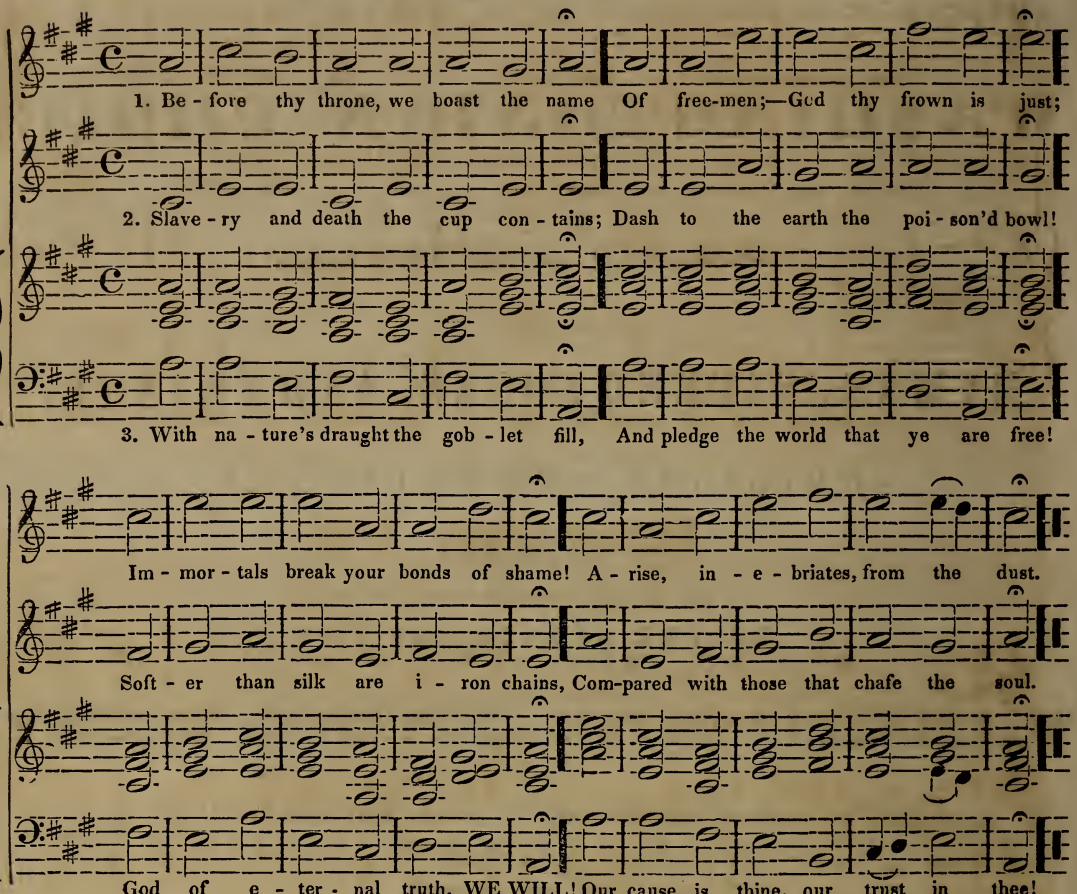
J. PLIMPTON.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by J. PLIMPTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

KIDDER AND WRIGHT, PRINTERS, 7 CORNHILL.

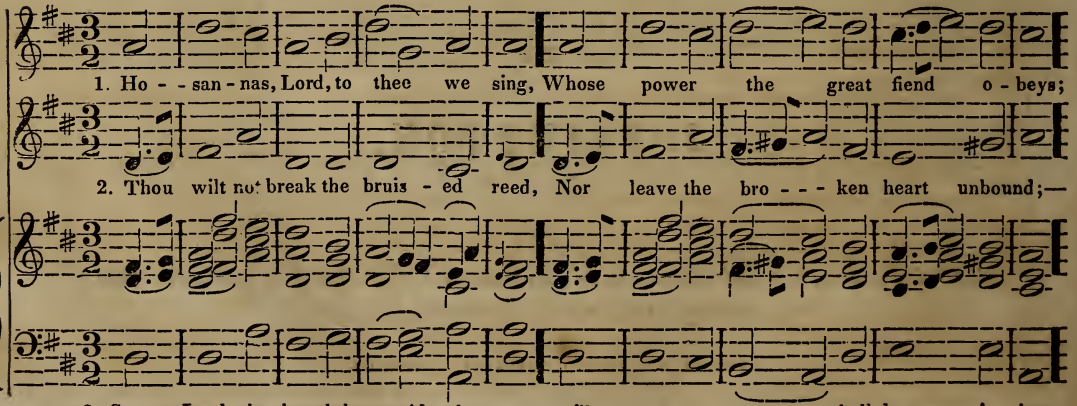
Old Hundred. L. M.

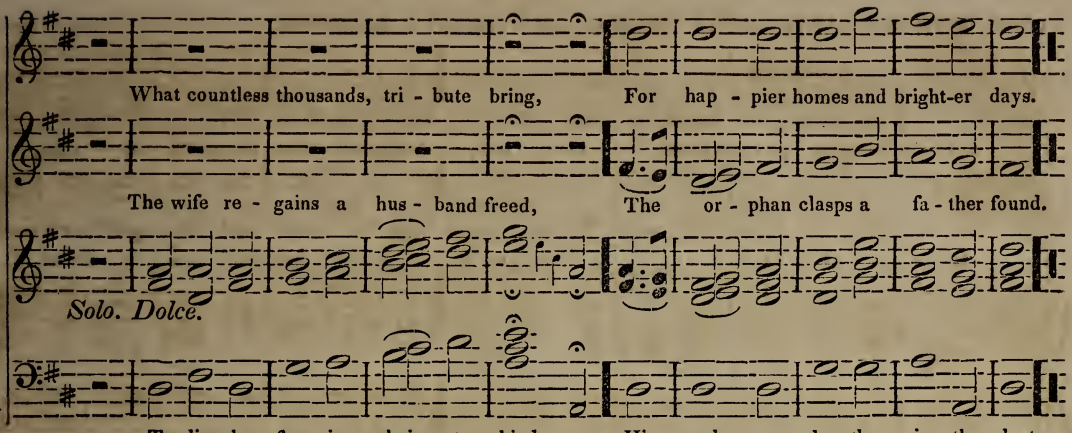
BEFORE THY THRONE, WE BOAST THE NAME.



Immanuel. L. M.

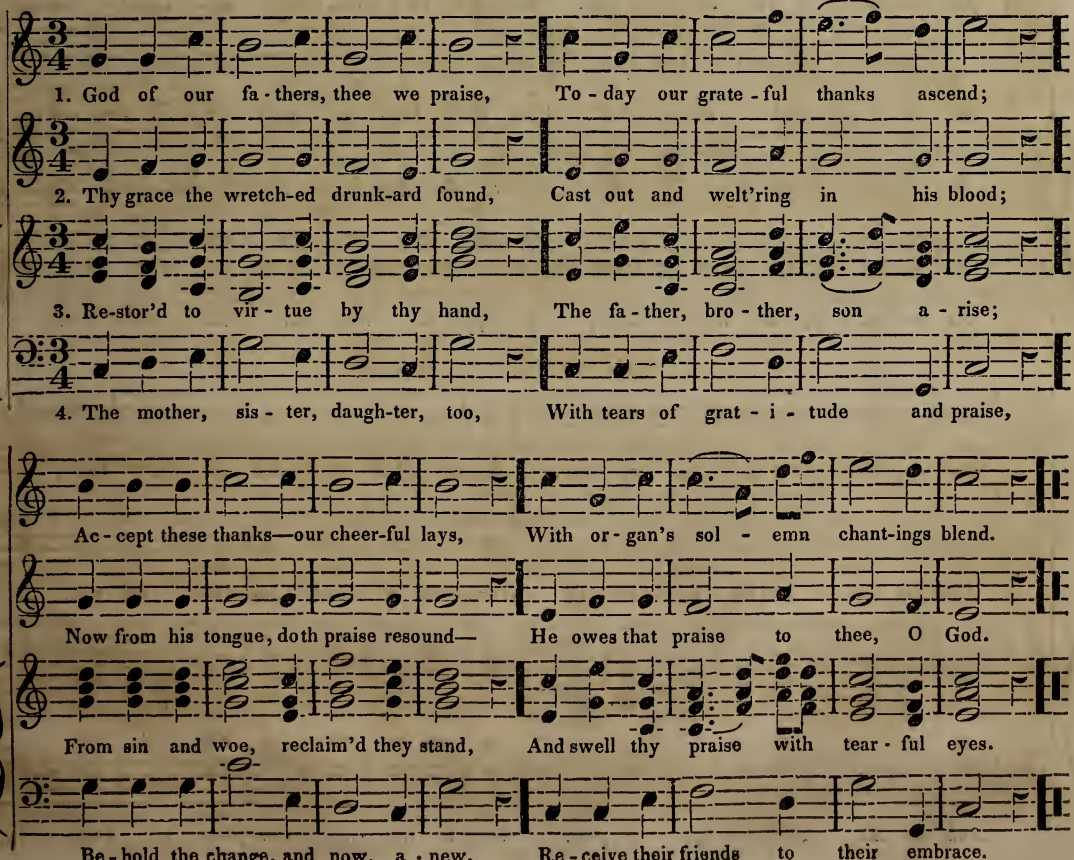
HOSANNAS, LORD, TO THEE WE SING. J. PLIMPTON.





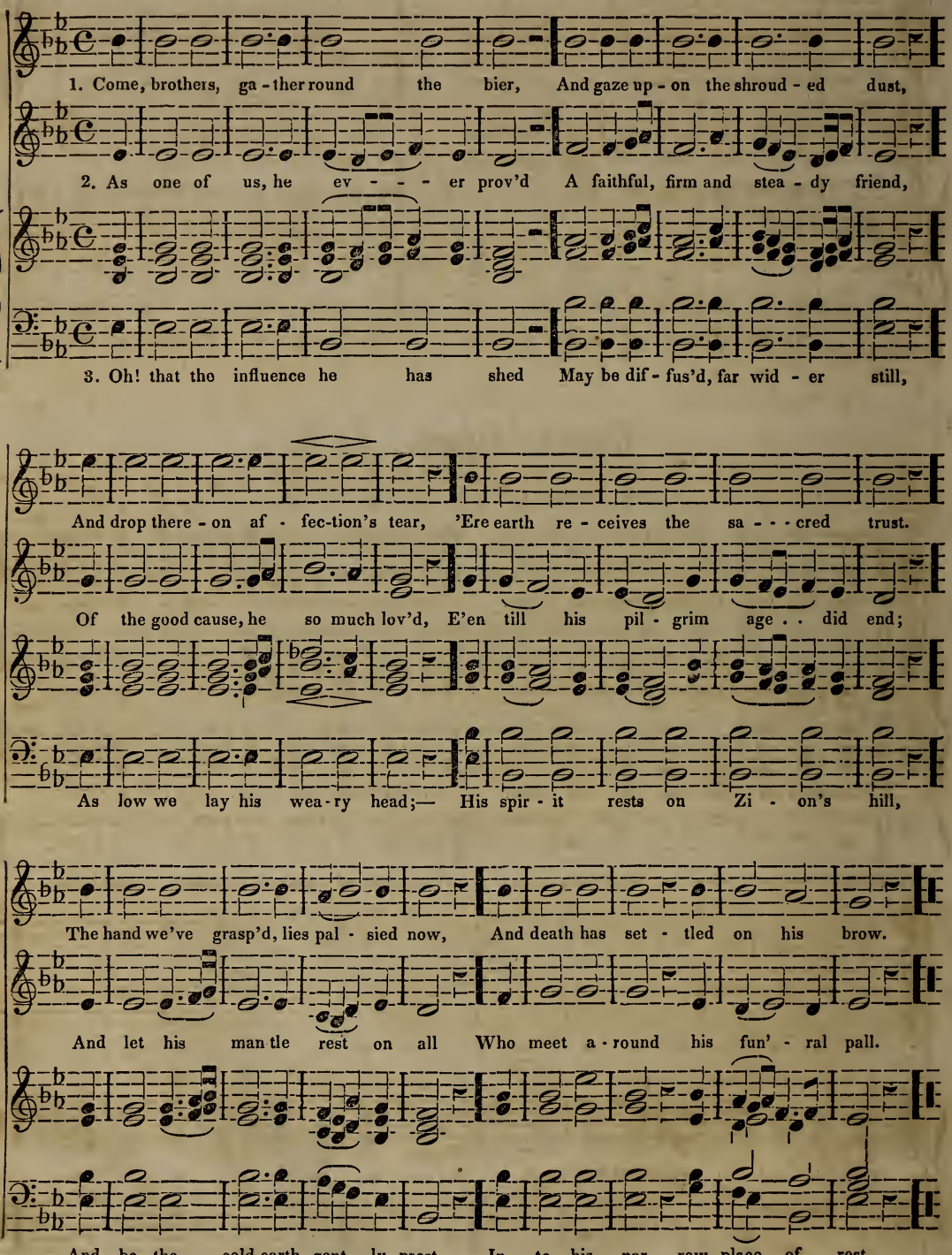
German Hymn. L. M.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, THEE WE PRAISE.



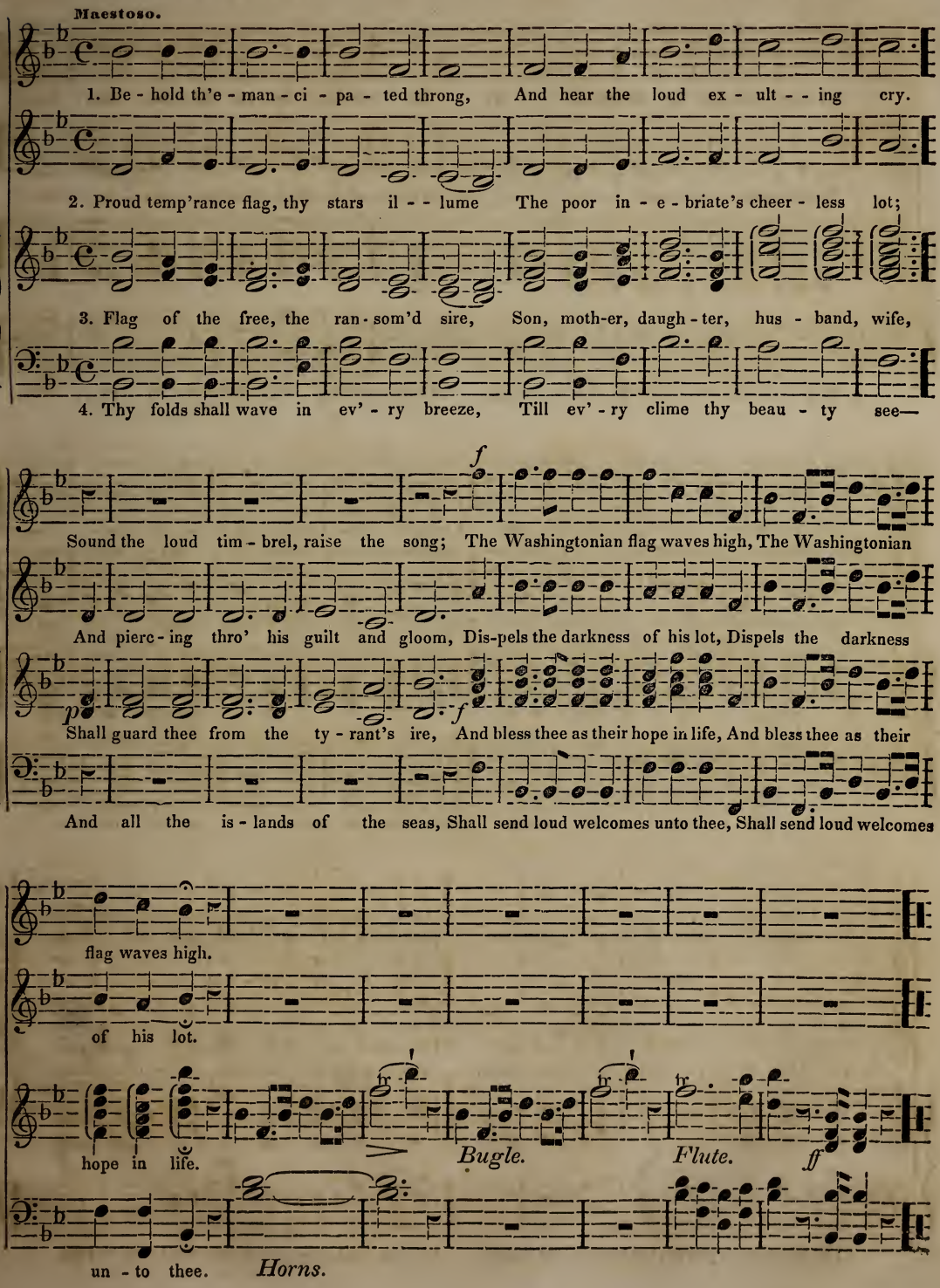
Dirge.—Dead March in the Oratorio of Saul. L. M.

COME, BROTHERS, GATHER ROUND THE BIER.—WRITTEN BY C. D. LINCOLN. HANDEL.

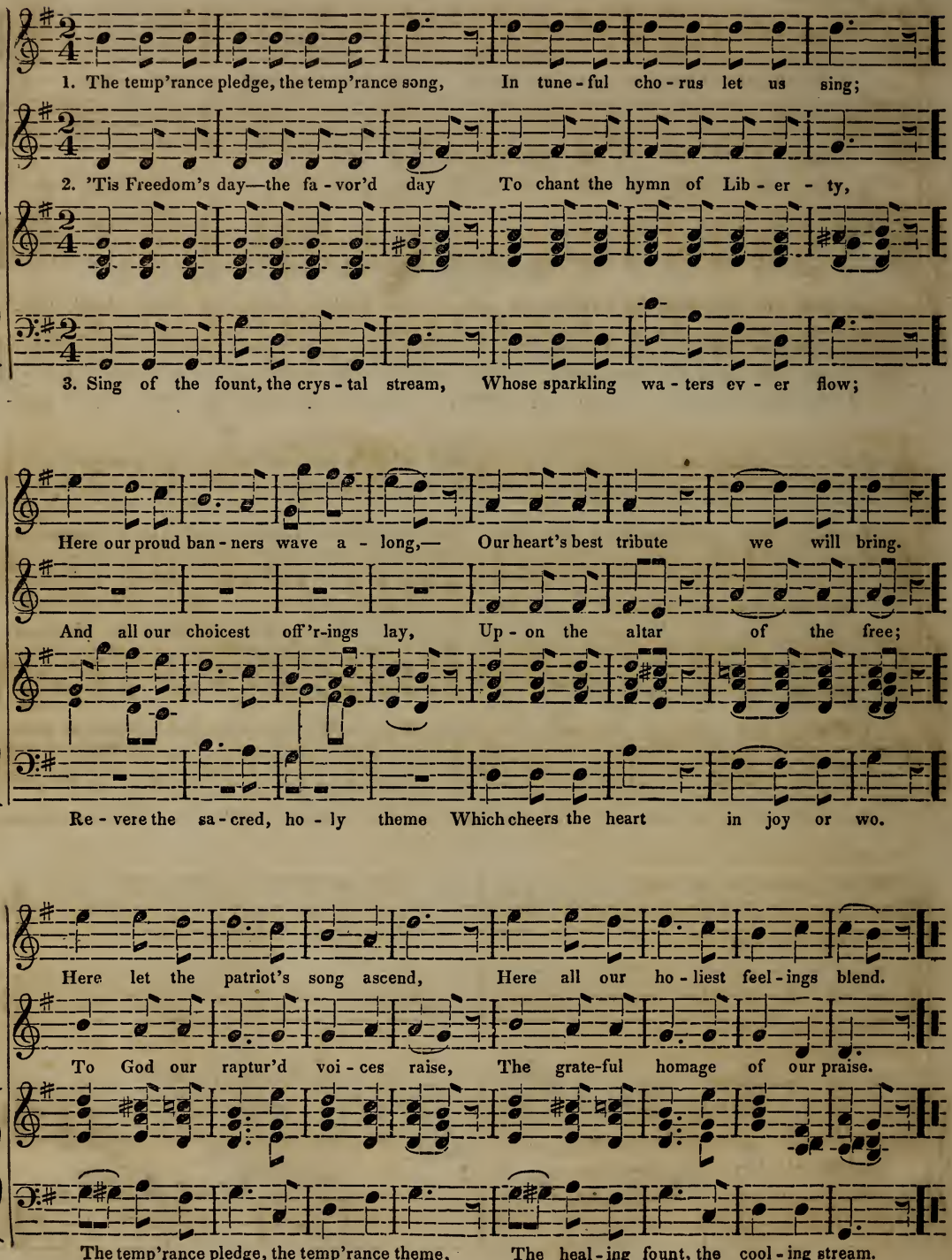


The Temperance Flag. L. M.

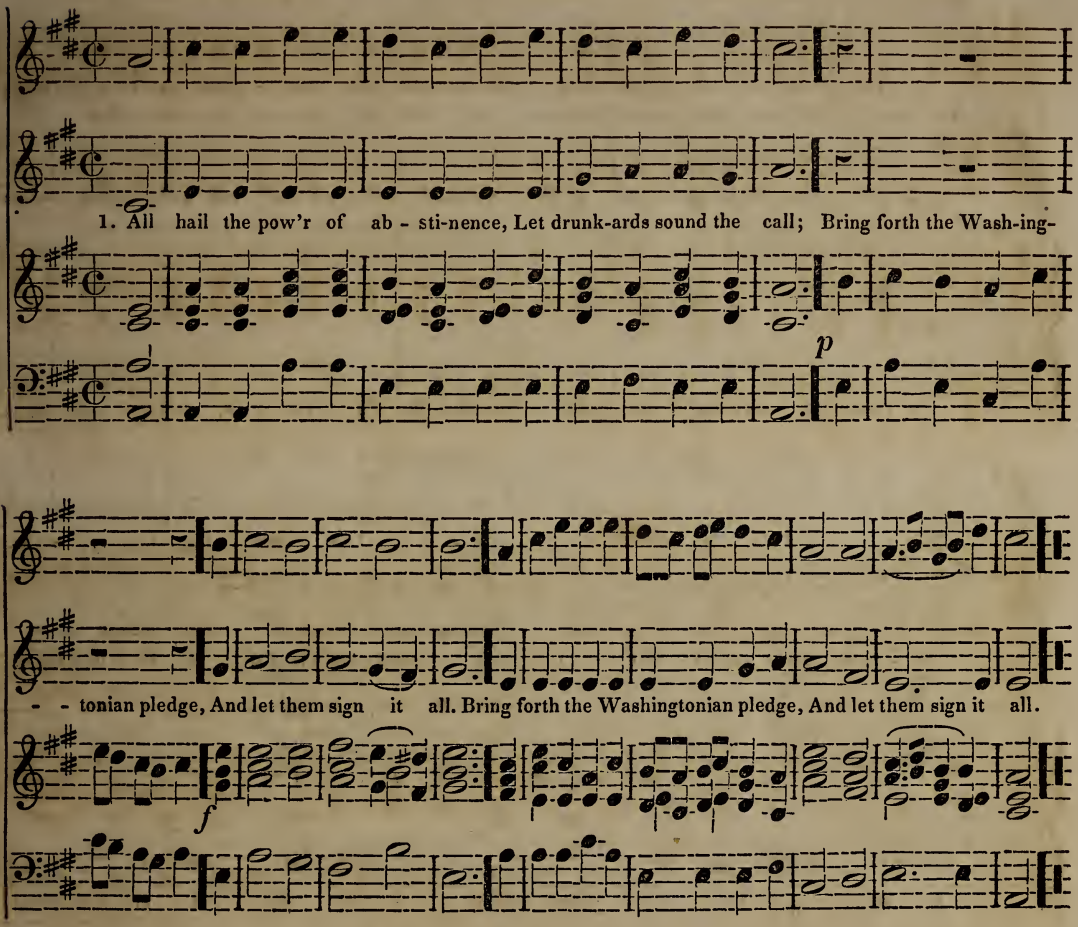
WRITTEN BY P. H. SWEETSER. J. PLIMPTON.



THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE, THE TEMPERANCE SONG.—WRITTEN BY D. RUSSELL, ESQ.



ALL HAIL THE POW'R OF ABSTINENCE. HOLDEN.



2

Ye brandy drinkers! ne'er forget
There's poison in the cup;
'Twill taint your sweetest springs of life,
And on your vitals sup.

3

Save, you who love the Temperance cause,
The tippler from his fate;
Now is the time to stop his course,
Before it is too late.

4

O save them from so dread an end,
'Tis duty to your God;
And in the rescued drunkard's thanks
You'll find a safe reward.

5

Strive on! our power at last will part
The drunkard from his bane;
'Twill overcome the hydra's strength,
Till all his heads are slain.

6

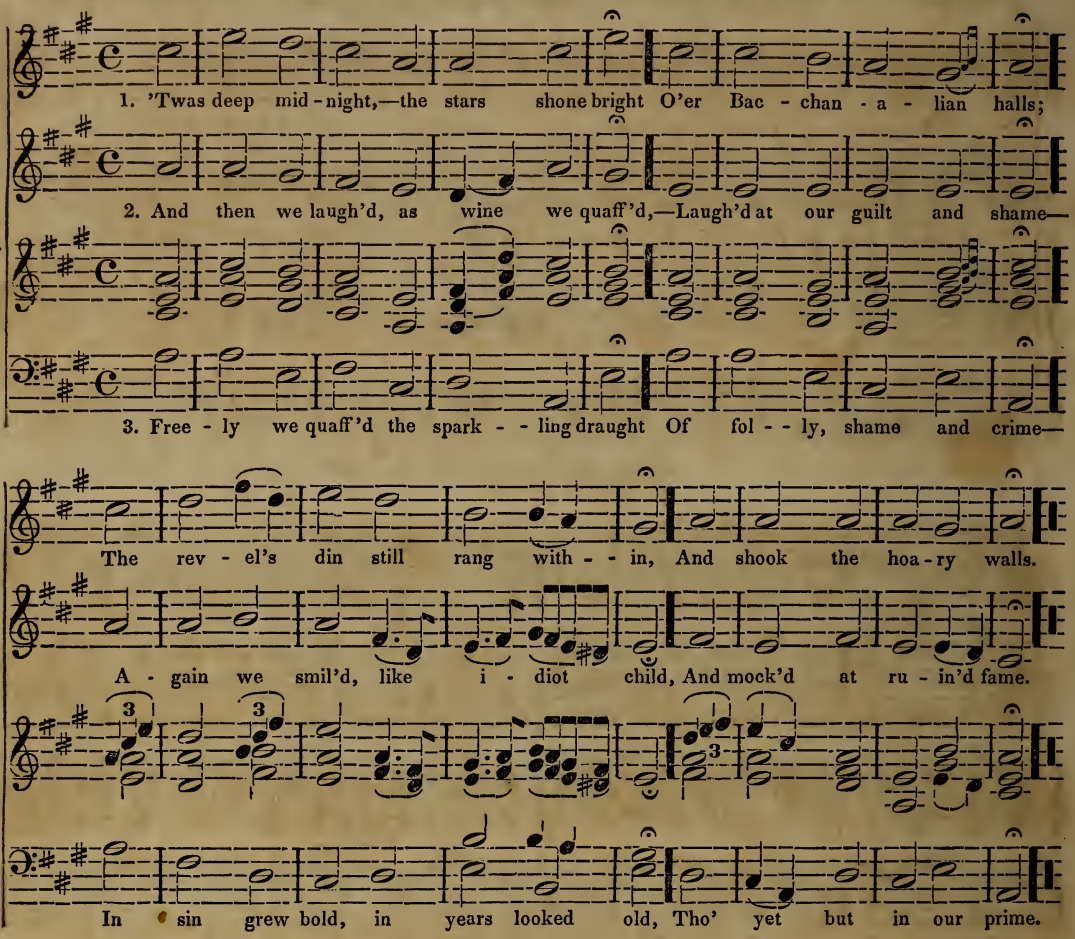
Then for the monster's ruthless foot
No resting-place is found;
He, feeble man, no more shall slay,
But be forever bound.

7

Yes! when we join the Temperance cause,
The tyrant then must fall;
We'll shout with joy at his demise,
The Pledge shall be his pall.

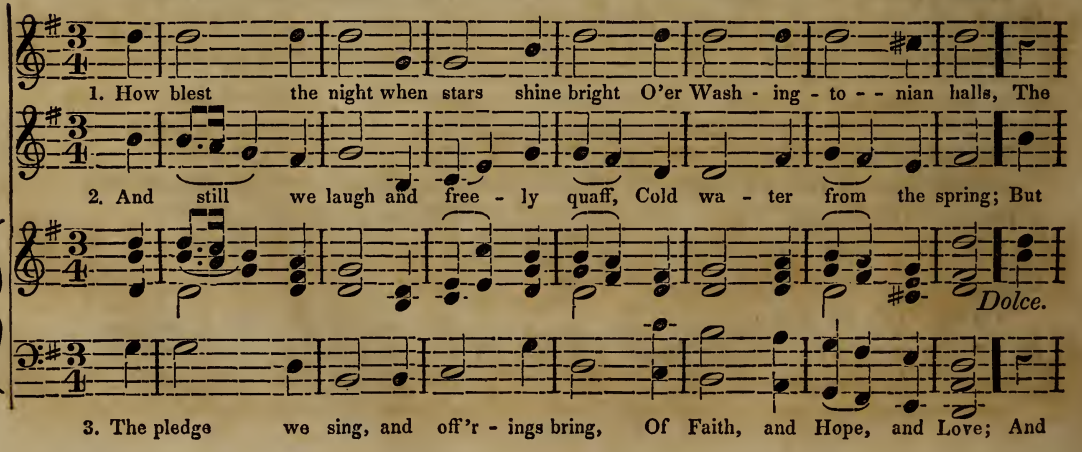
Albany. C. M.

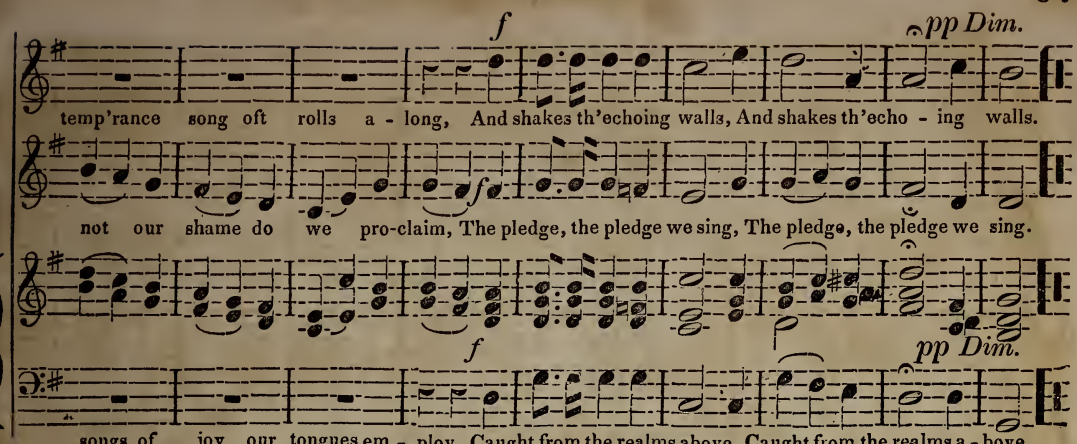
SONG OF THE REFORMED. PART I.—WRITTEN BY P. H. SWEETSER. J. PLIMPTON.



Newburgh. C. M.

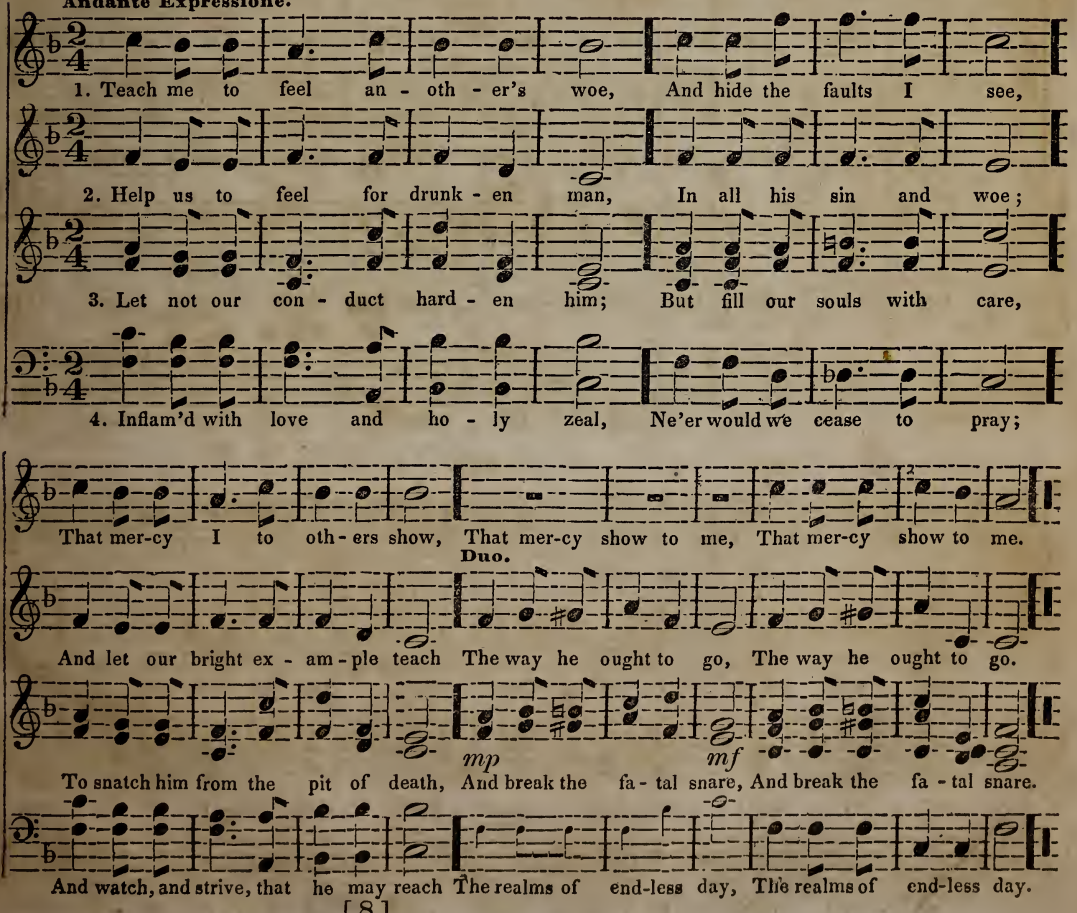
SONG OF THE REFORMED. PART II.—WRITTEN BY P. H. SWEETSER. J. PLIMPTON.





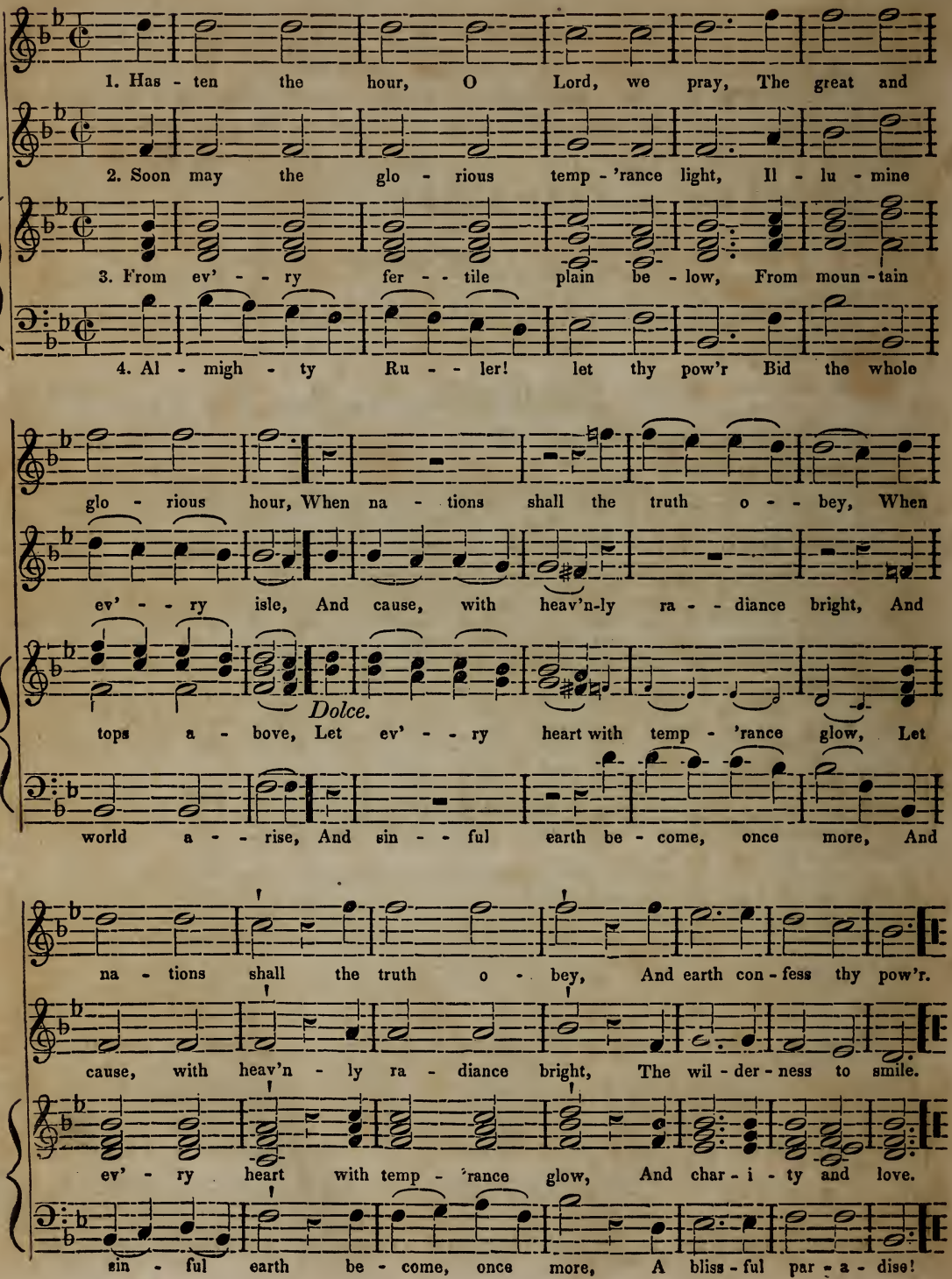
Supplication. C. M.

TEACH ME TO FEEL ANOTHER'S WOE. J. PLIMPTON.

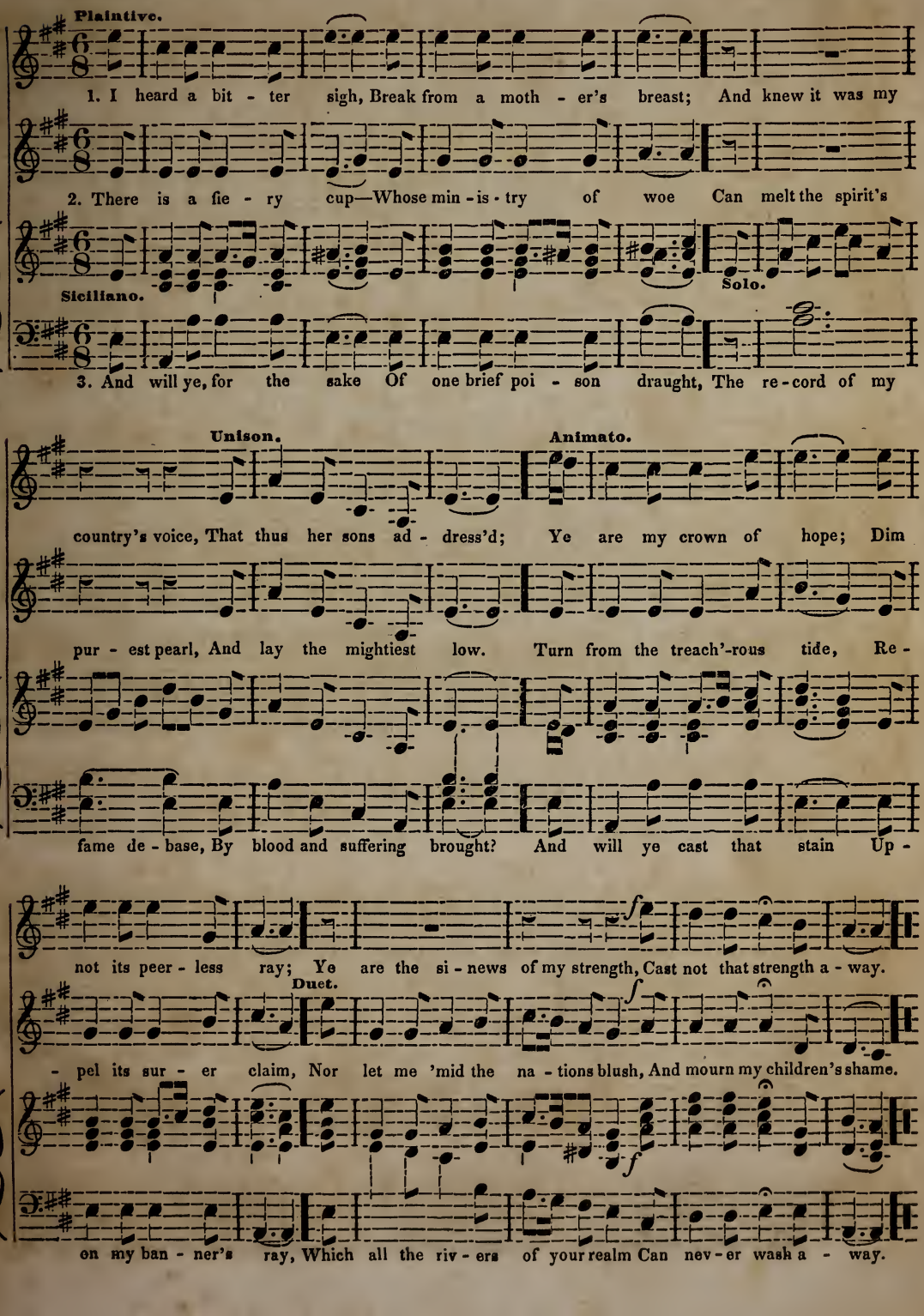


Bath. C. M.

HASTEN THE HOUR.—WRITTEN BY P. H. SWEETSER. J. PLIMPTON.

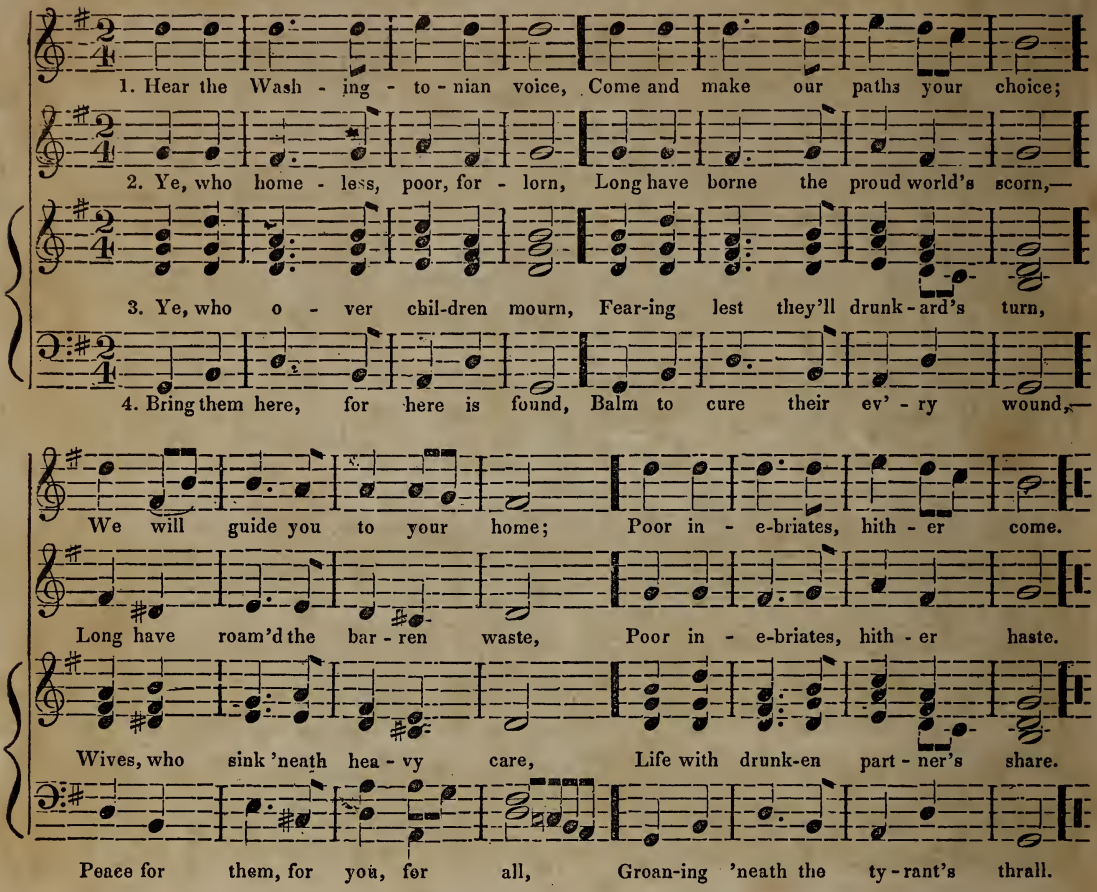


I HEARD A BITTER SIGH. J. PLIMPTON.



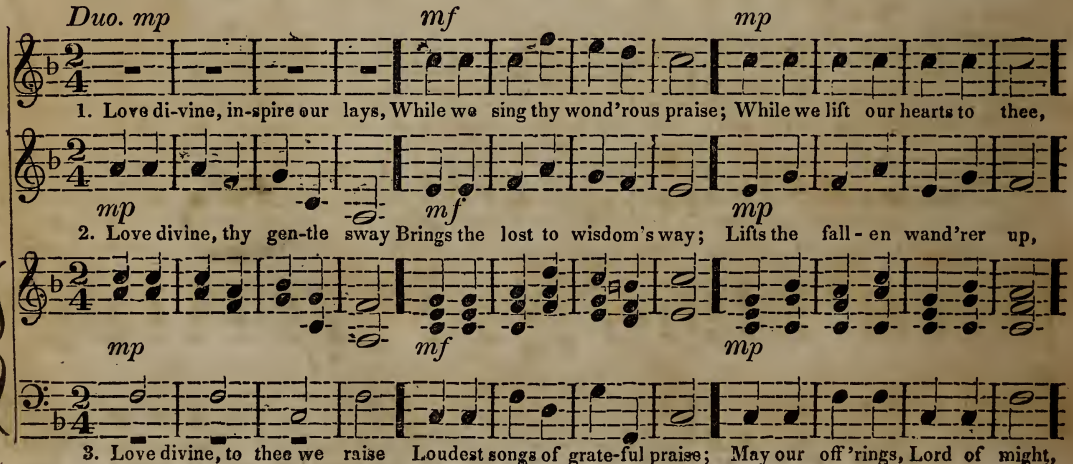
Pleyel's Hymn. 7's.

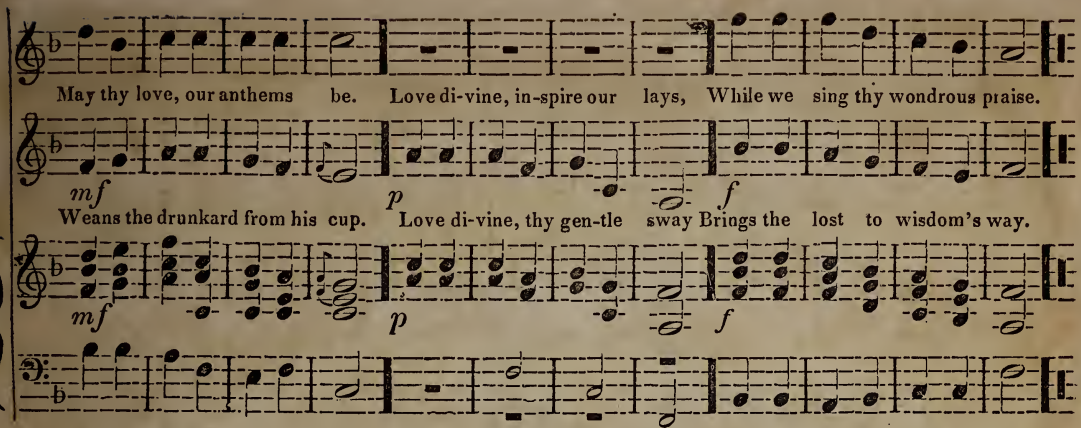
HEAR THE WASHINGTONIAN VOICE. PLEYEL.



Love Divine. 7's.

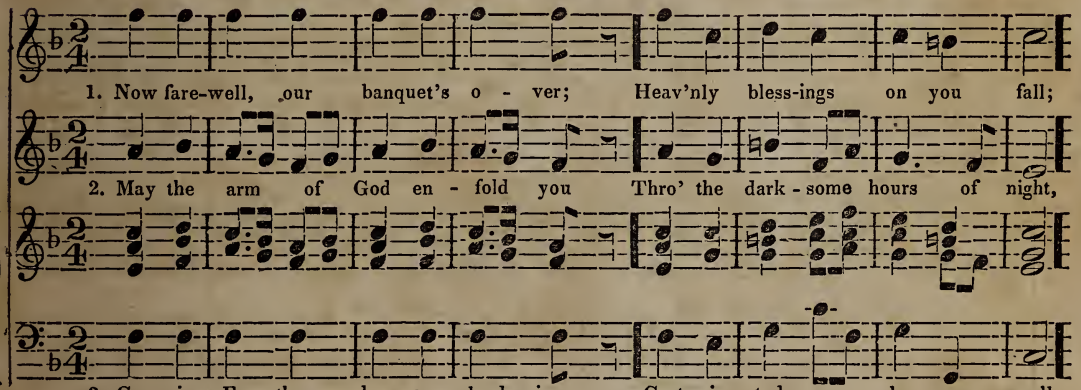
WRITTEN BY WM. C. BROWN. PLEYEL.

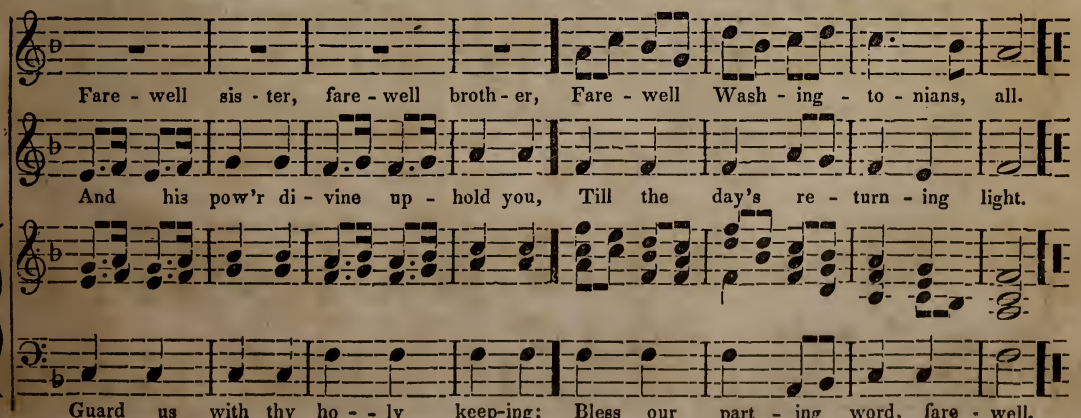




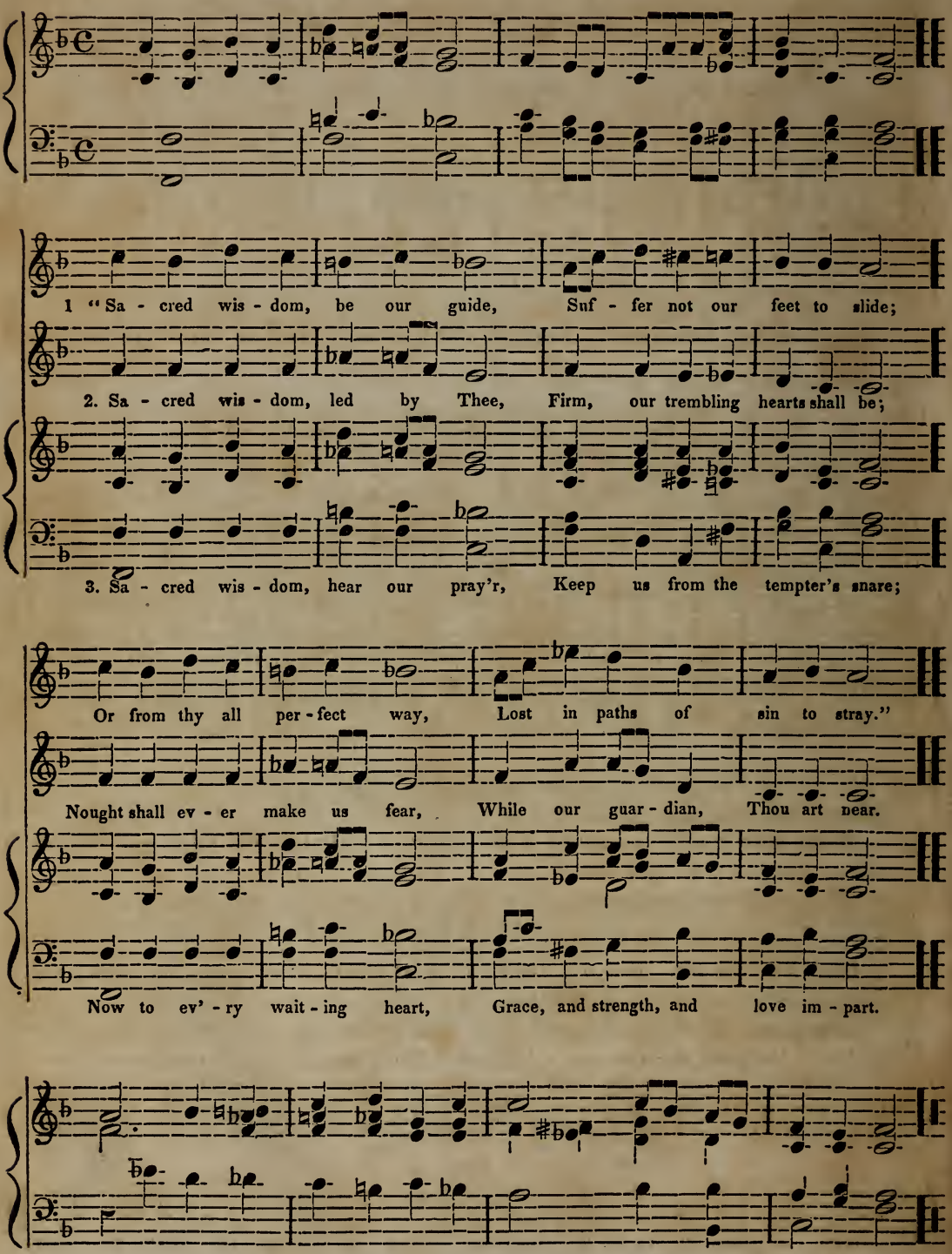
Hymn for Dismission. 8's & 7's.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER. SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

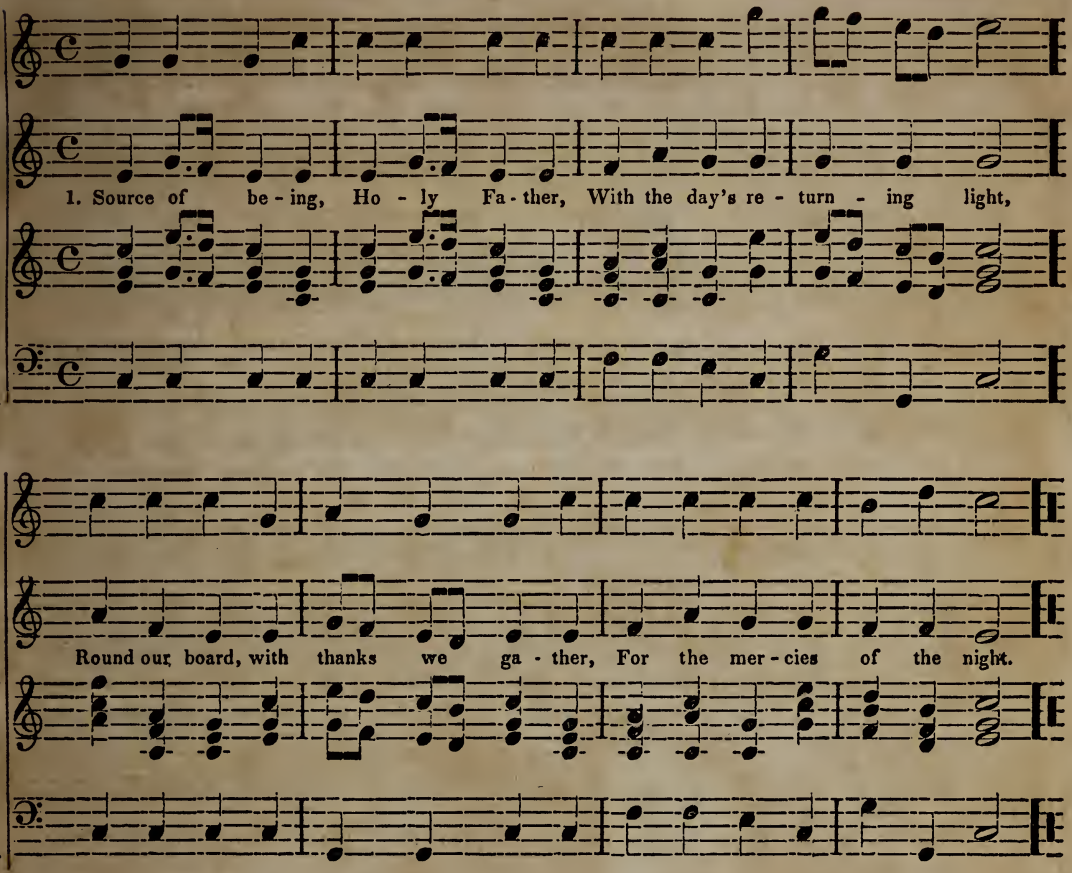




SACRED WISDOM, BE OUR GUIDE. C. M. VON WEBER.



SOURCE OF BEING, HOLY FATHER.—WRITTEN BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. C. M. VON WEBER.



2

Mercies that the stars outnumber,
Which their silent courses keep,—
Angel guards that never slumber,—
While we lie and safely sleep.

3

Pillows, wet with tears of anguish,
Couches, pressed in sleepless woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know!

4

For, the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But, our draft shall be, for ever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.

5

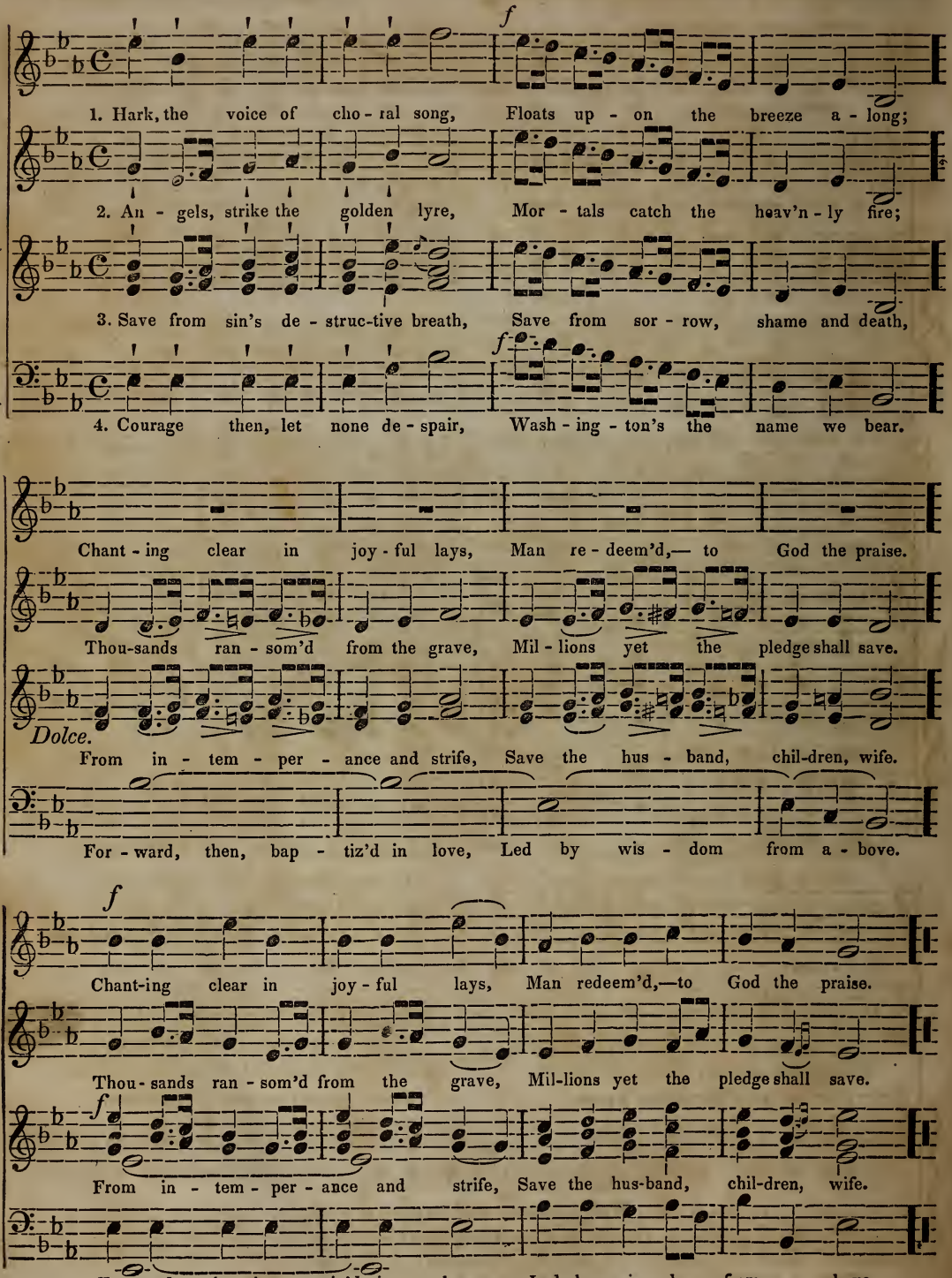
This shall give us strength to labor,
This, make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Binds us in the bonds of peace.

6

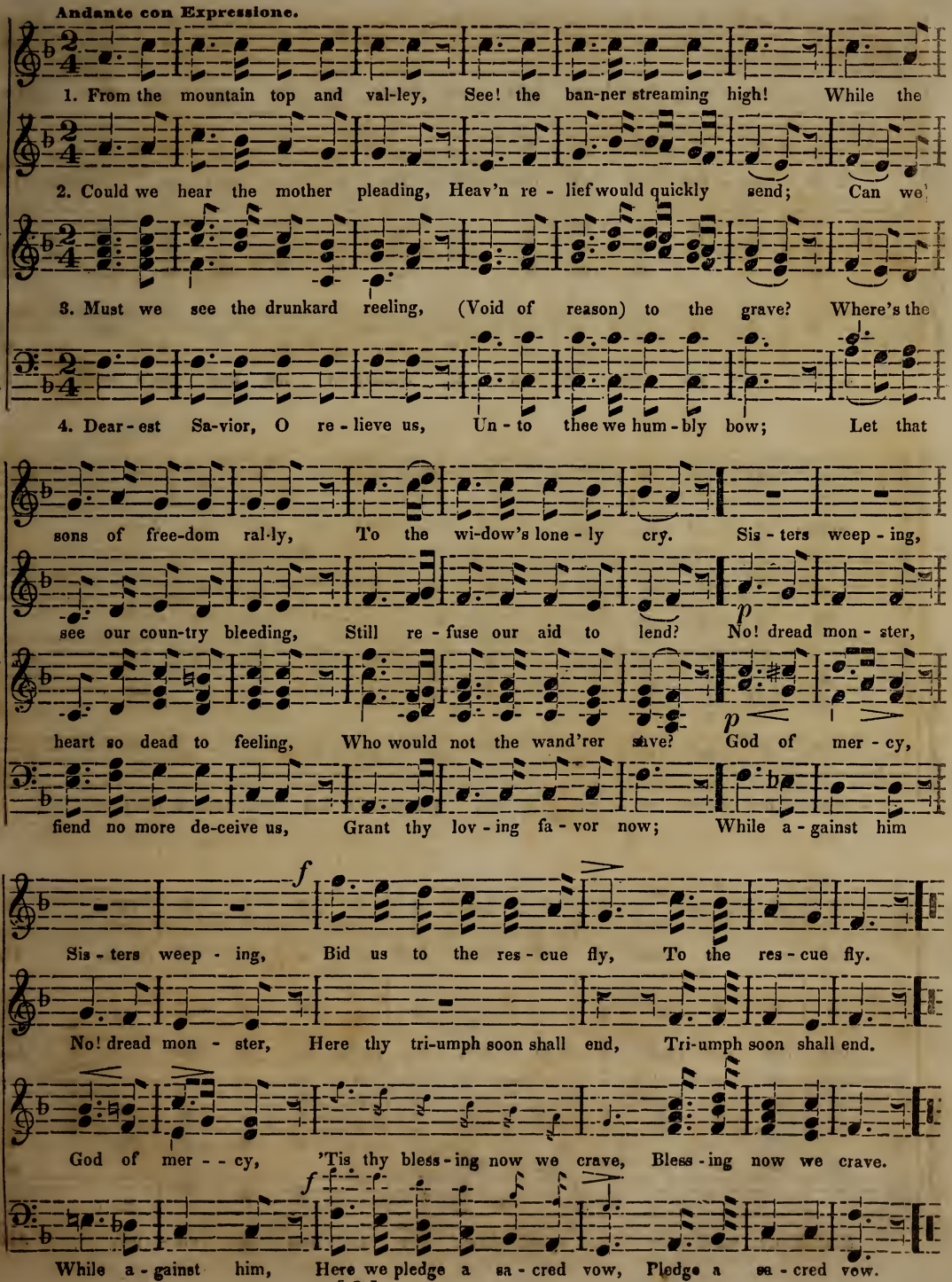
For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook, and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

'Hark! the voice of Choral Song.' 7's.

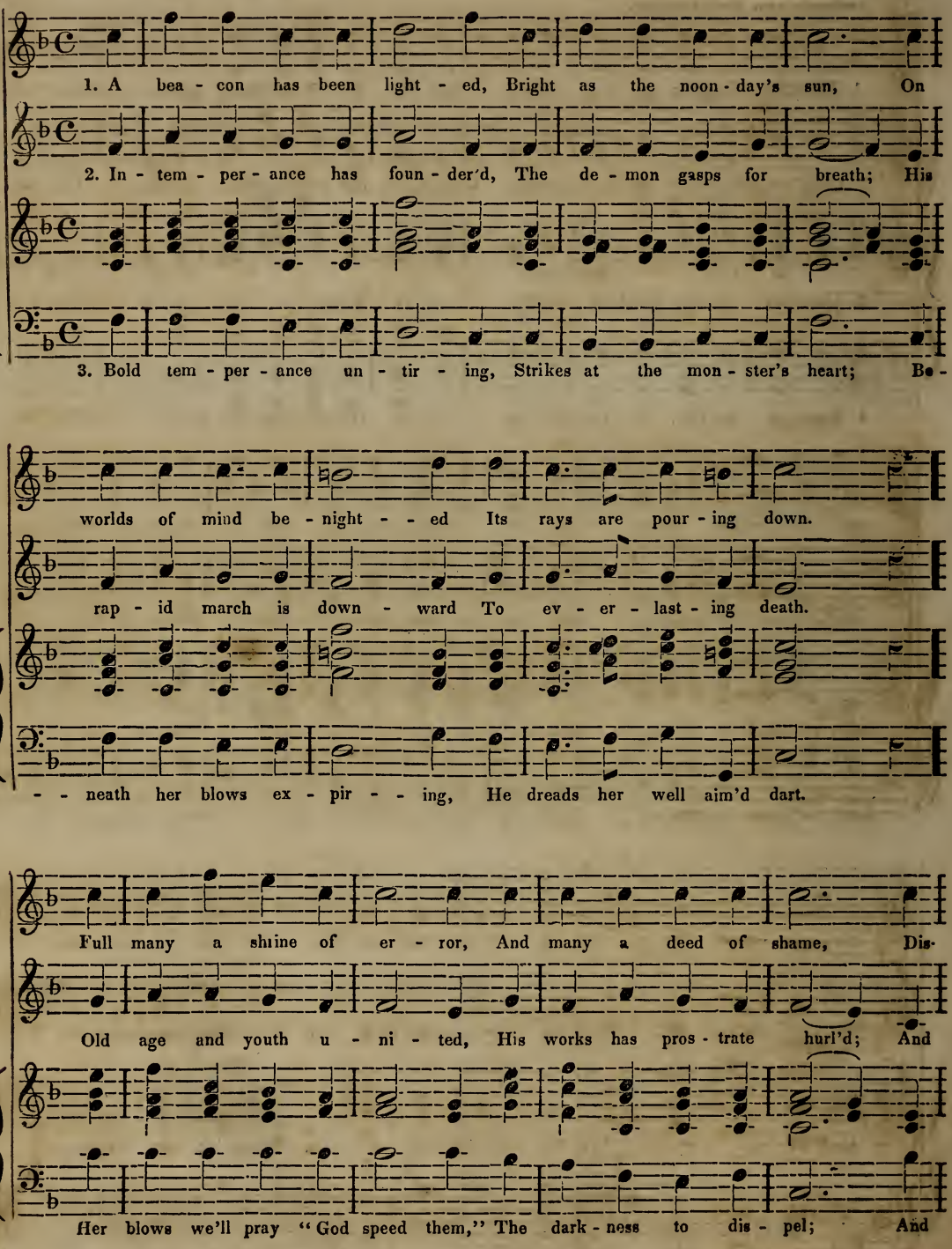
WRITTEN BY P. H. SWEETSER. J. PLIMPTON.

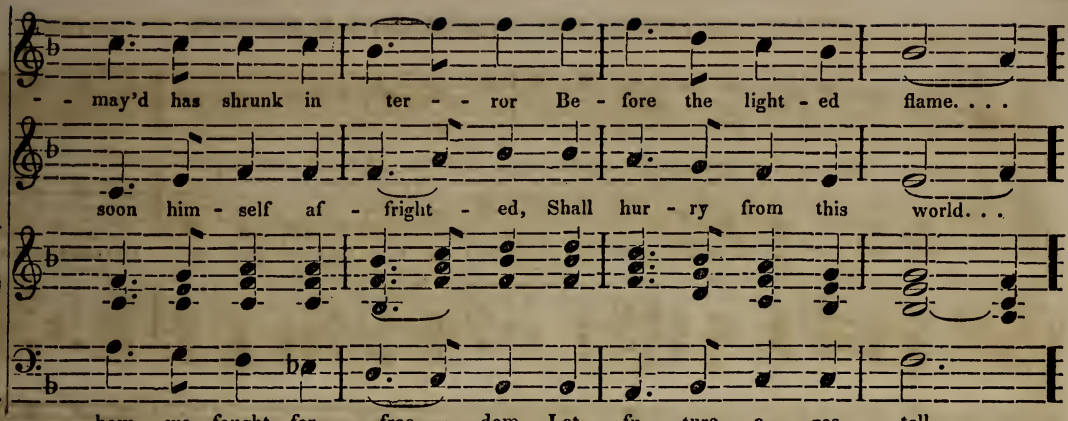


FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP AND VALLEY. J. PLIMPTON.



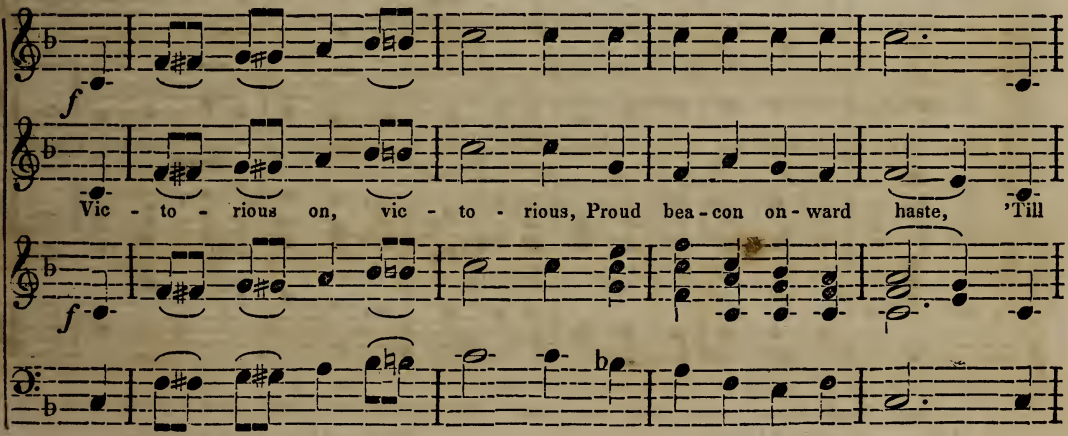
A BEACON HAS BEEN LIGHTED. HAYDN.

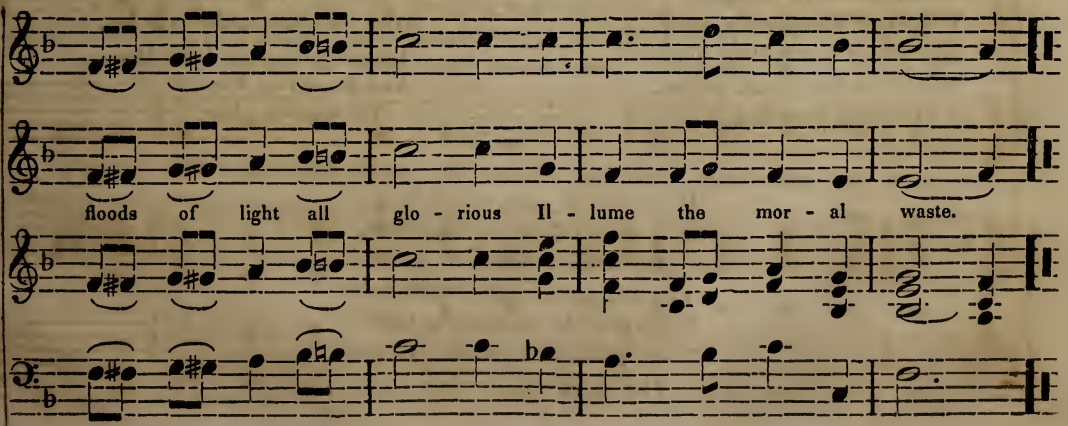




Chorus.

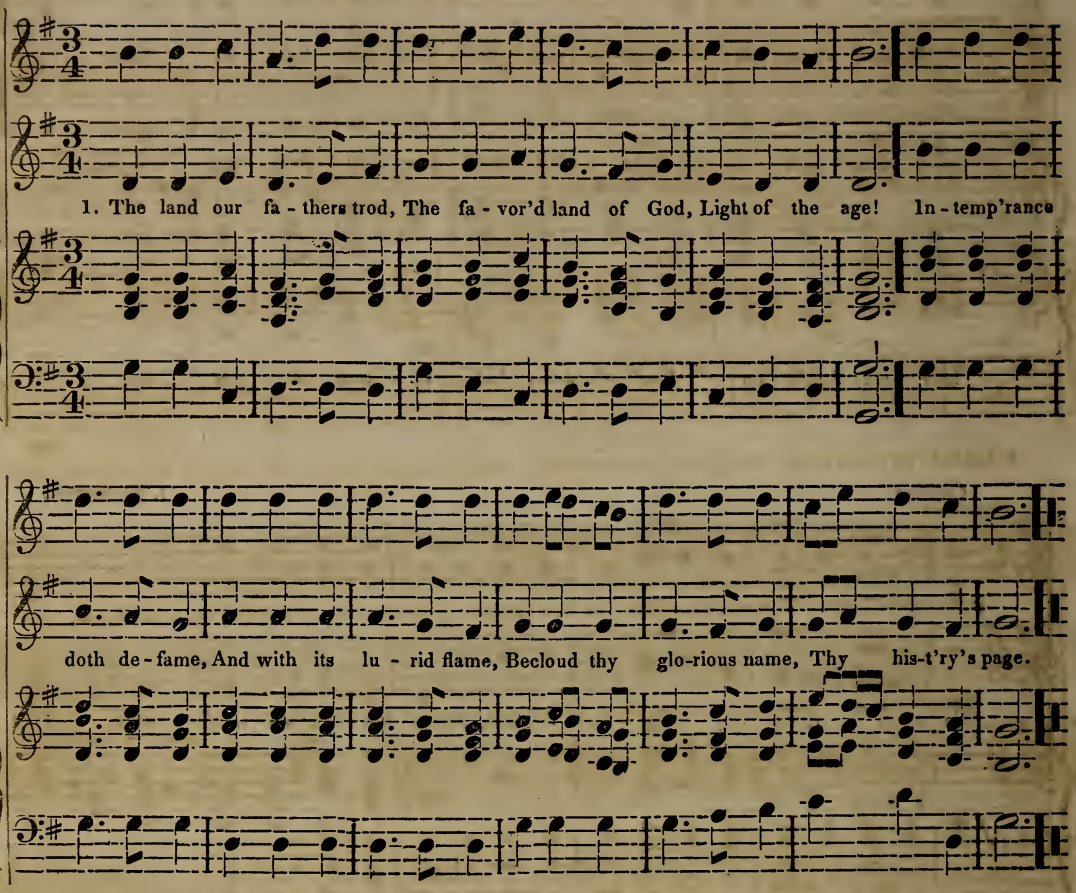
J. PLIMPTON.





America. 6s & 4s.

THE LAND OUR FATHERS TROD.—WRITTEN BY P. H. SWEETSER.



2

Arise, ye sons of light,
And stay this withering blight,
Our country's shame!
Wipe out its cursed stains,
And break the galling chains;
Where'er the tyrant reigns,
His guilt proclaim!

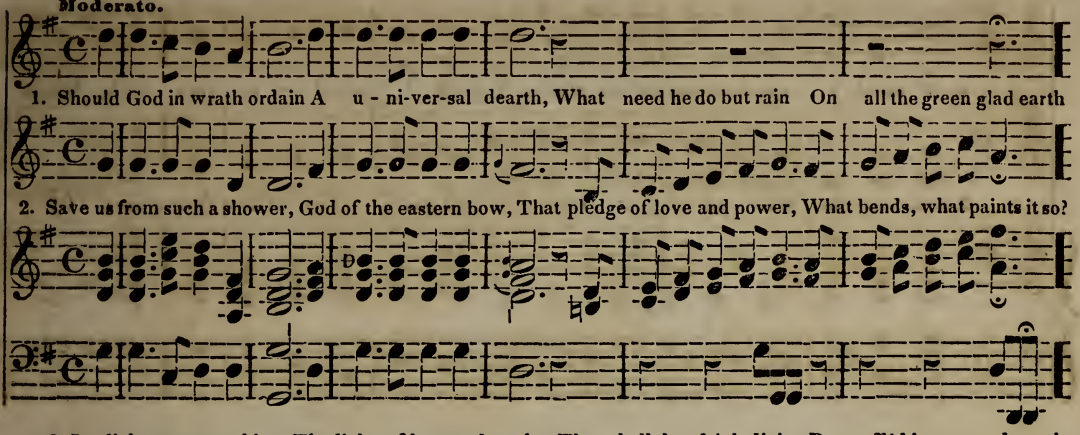
3

The truth in love declare,
But ne'er to speak forbear,
Hence, evermore!
Oh! let the watchwords be
Temperance and Liberty,
And Death or Victory,
Till time is o'er!

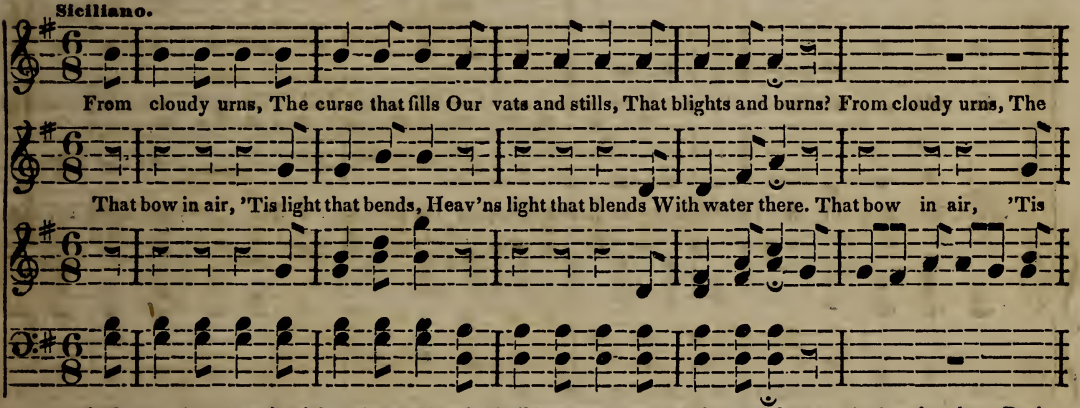
4

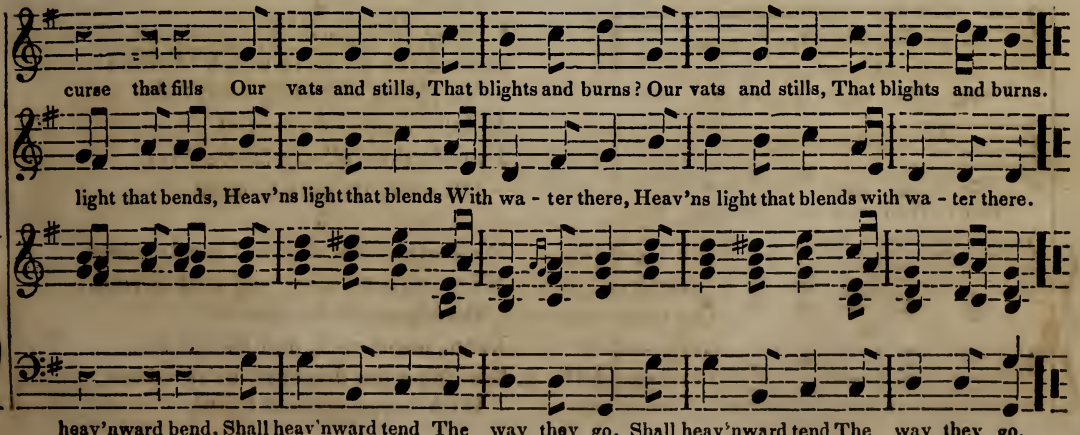
Heaven will your efforts bless,
And crown them with success,
And keep you free!
The temperance flag shall wave
High o'er the monster's grave!
Then chant His praise who gave
The victory!

SHOULD GOD IN WRATH ORDAIN.—WRITTEN BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. J. PLIMPTON.



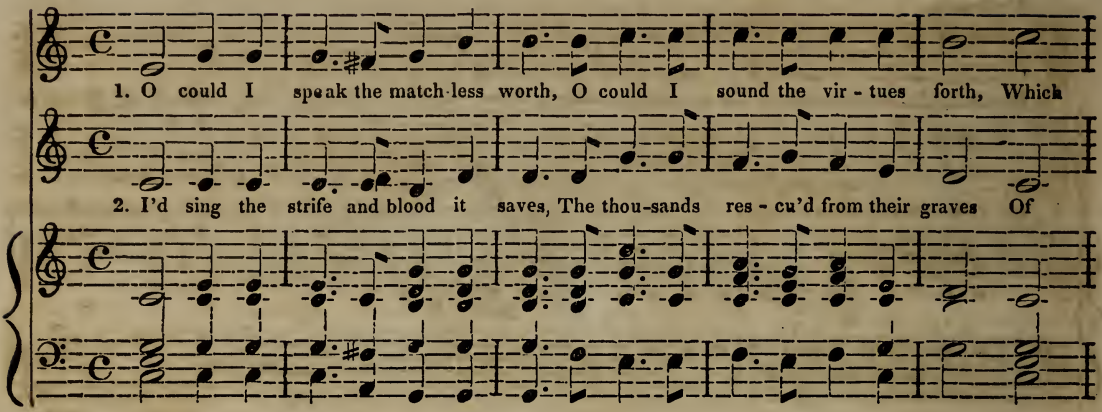
3. Let light on water shine, The light of love and truth; Then shall that drink divine Be quaff'd by age and youth.

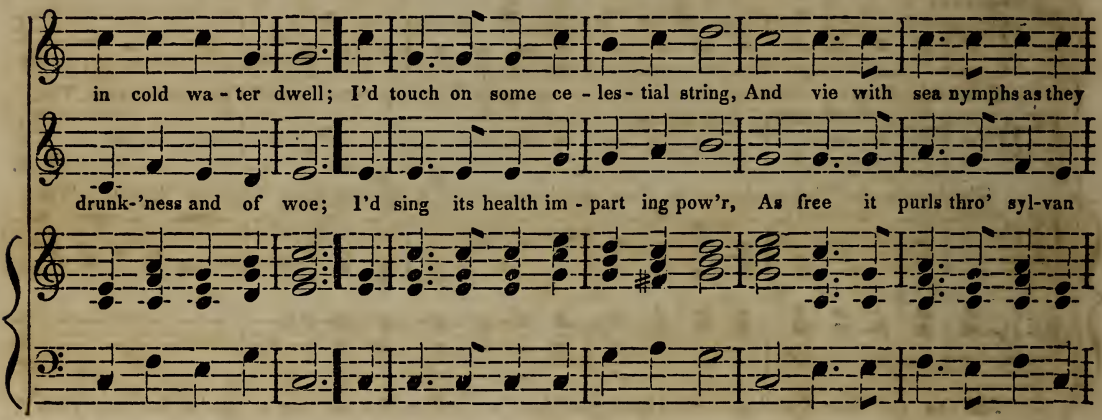


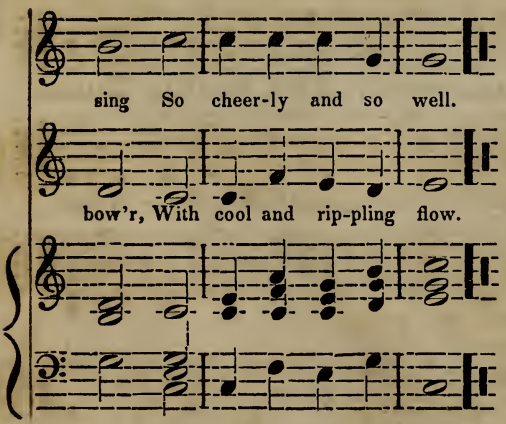


The Indian Philosopher. 8, 8, 6.

O COULD I SPEAK THE MATCHLESS WORTH.







3

I'd sing each good by it produced,
And all the forms in which 'tis used
To please and bless mankind;
In lofty songs of sweetest praise,
I would thro' all my future days
Oft bring its gifts to mind.

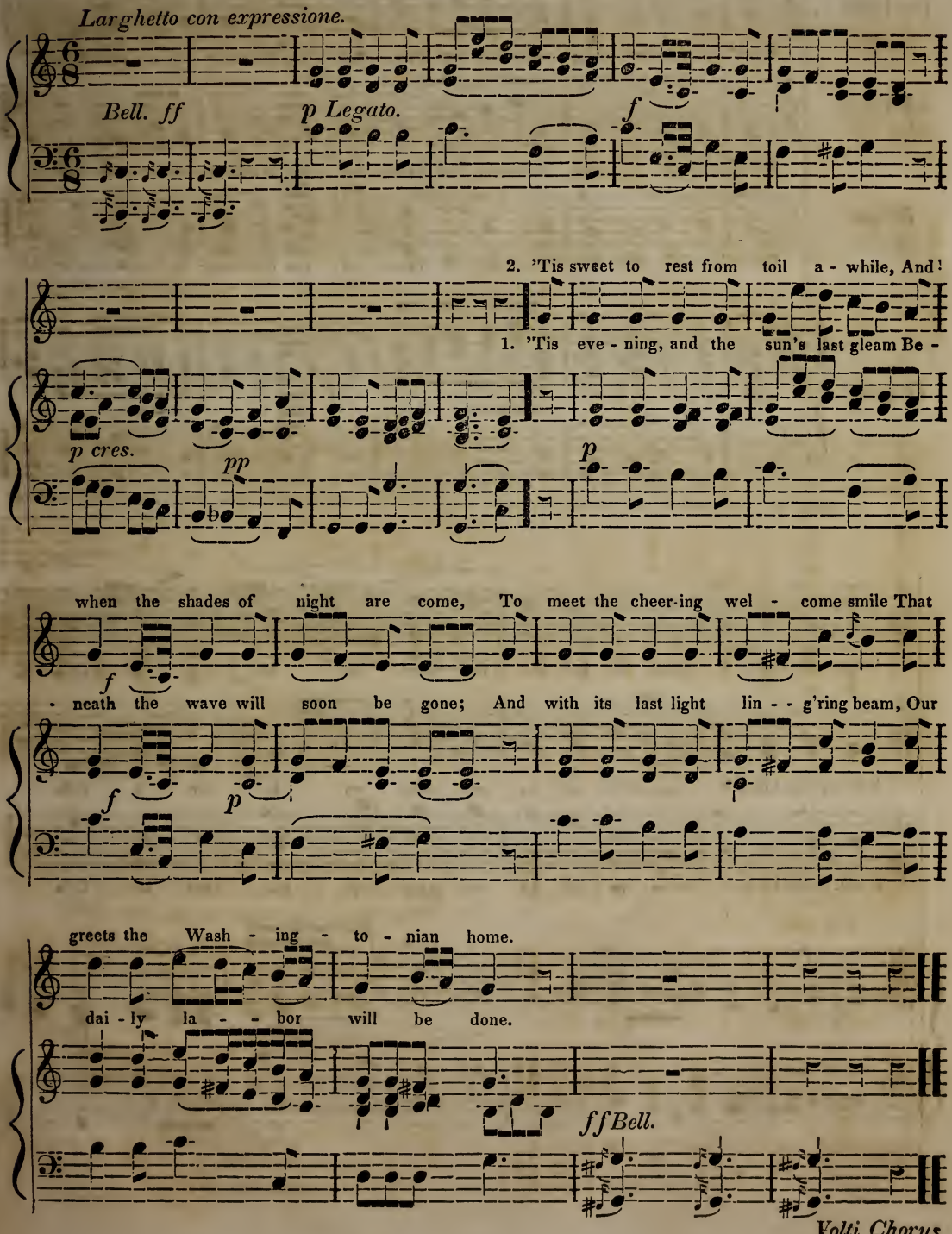
4

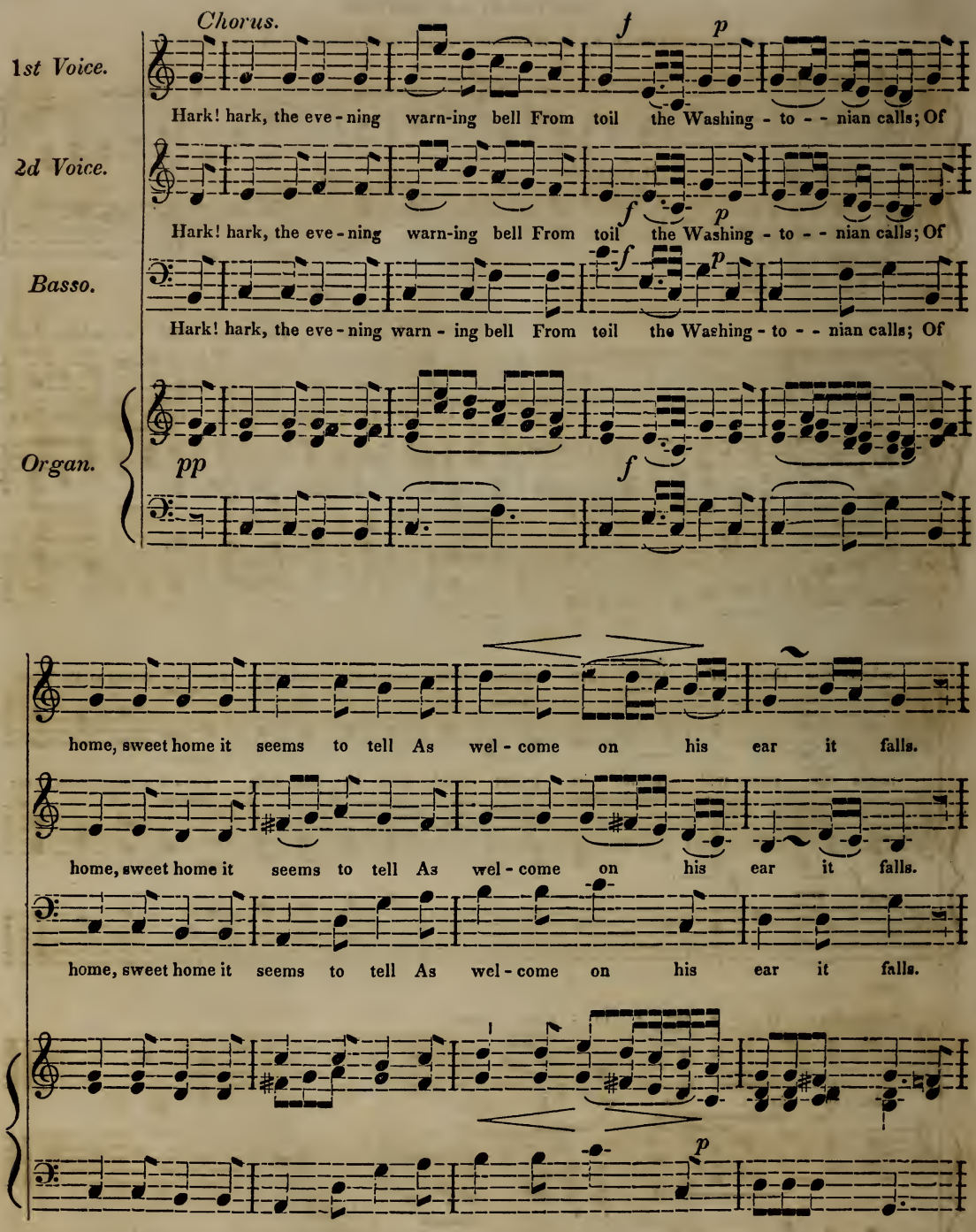
Well—the blest day will surely come,
When men no more will deal in rum,
By license or by stealth.
Then, water cool, and free as air,
Will bless the drinkers, ev'ry where,
With happiness and health.

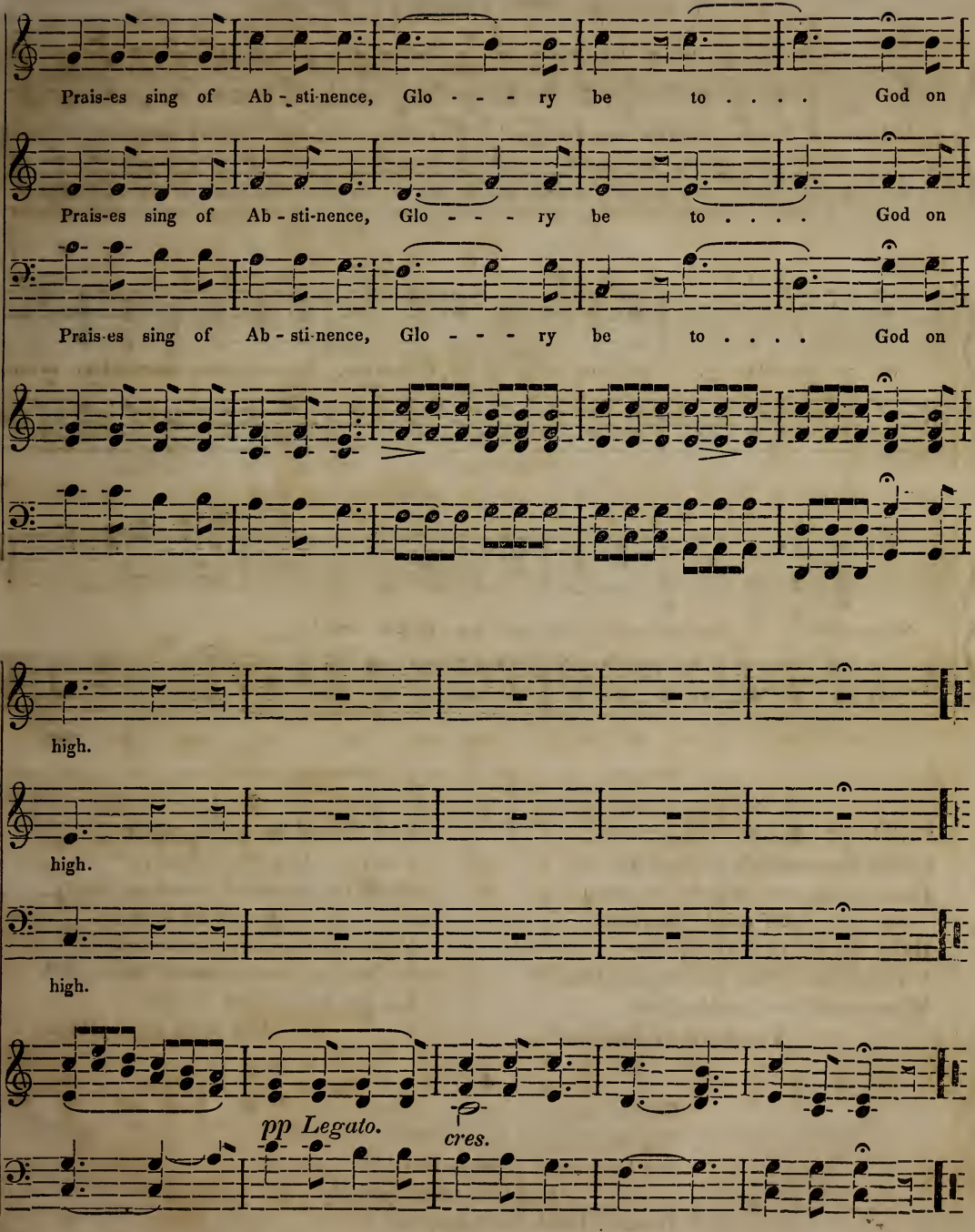
The Washingtonian's Evening Hymn.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FOWLER.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY S. NELSON—AND ADAPTED BY J. PLIMPTON.

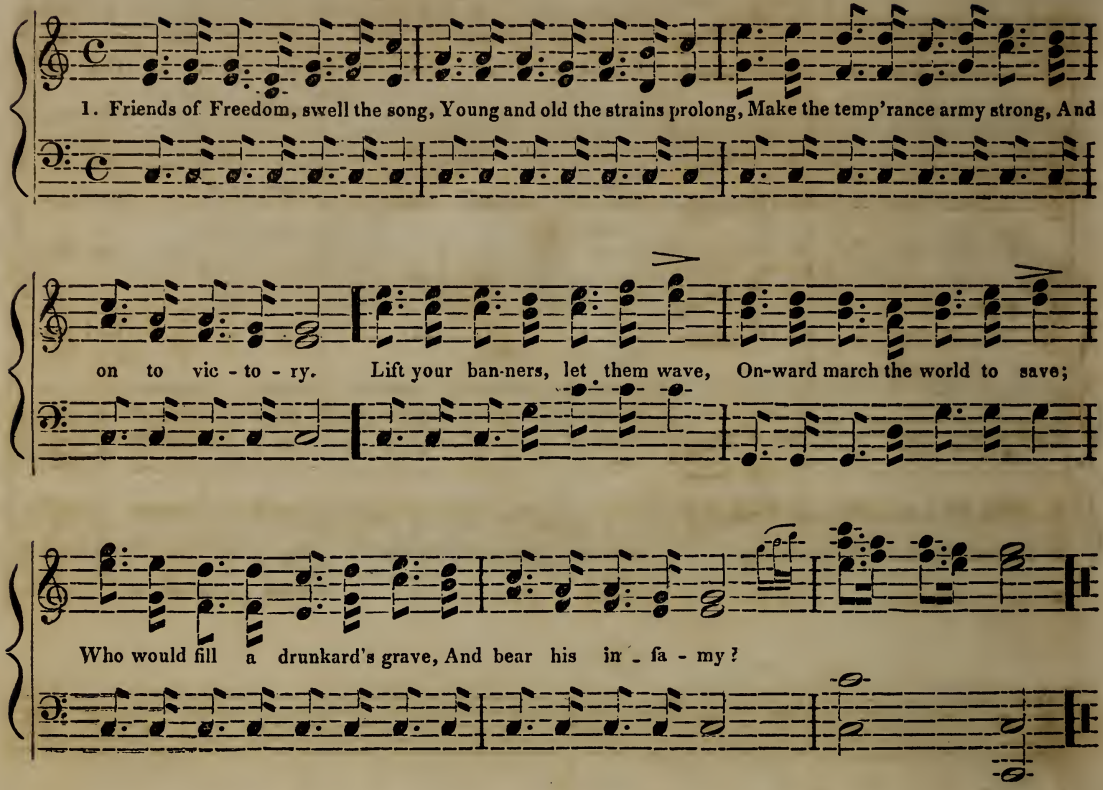



Chorus.
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Basso.
Organ.
Hark! hark, the eve-ning warn-ing bell From toil the Washing-to--nian calls; Of
Hark! hark, the eve-ning warn-ing bell From toil the Washing-to--nian calls; Of
Hark! hark, the eve-ning warn-ing bell From toil the Washing-to--nian calls; Of
home, sweet home it seems to tell As wel-come on his ear it falls.
home, sweet home it seems to tell As wel-come on his ear it falls.
home, sweet home it seems to tell As wel-come on his ear it falls.


Prais-es sing of Ab - sti-nence, Glo - - - ry be to . . . . God on
Prais-es sing of Ab - sti-nence, Glo - - - ry be to . . . . God on
Prais-es sing of Ab - sti-nence, Glo - - - ry be to . . . . God on
high.
high.
high.
pp Legato.
cres.

'Friends of Freedom, swell the Song.'

SCOTCH AIR,—BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.



2

Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruin'd families.
Raise the cry in every spot—
"*Touch not—Taste not—Handle not,*"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

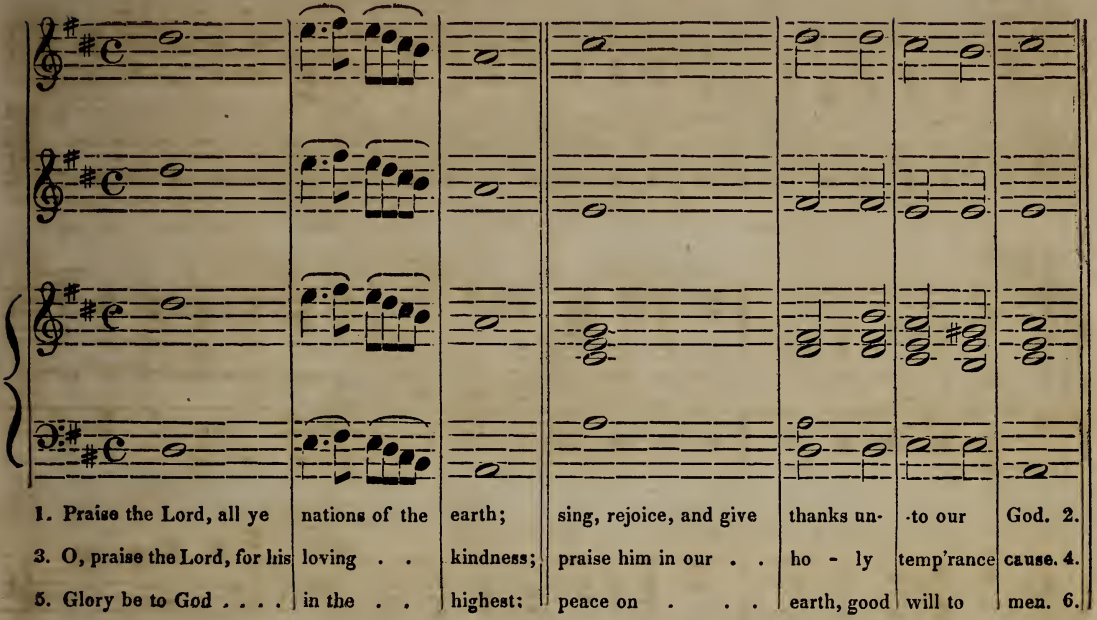
3

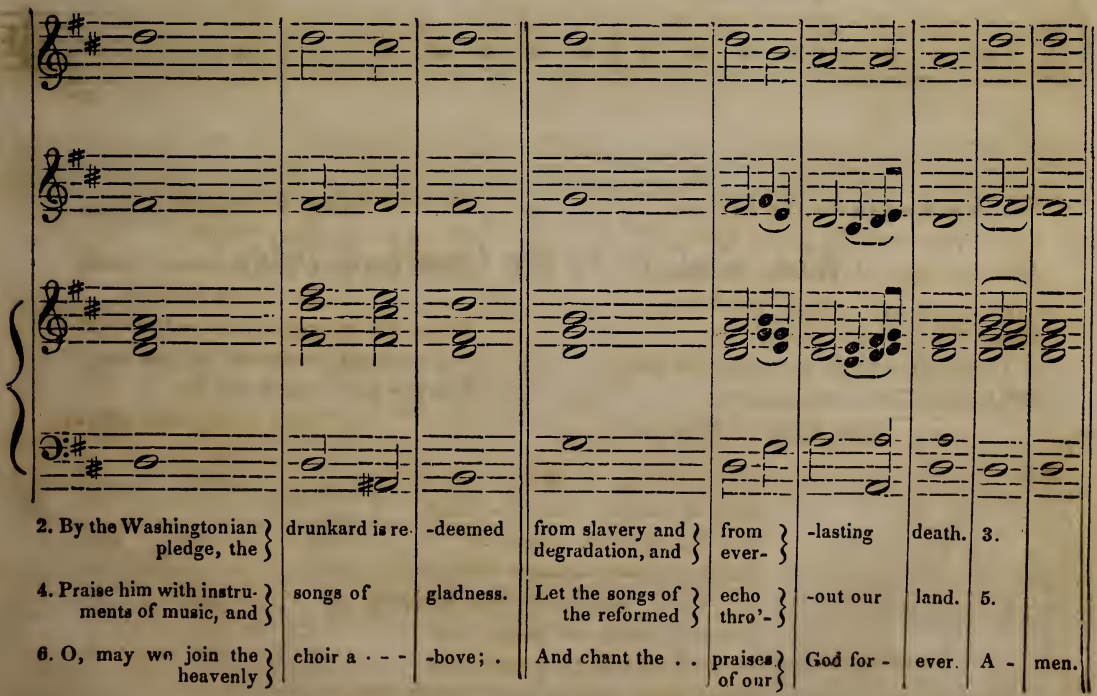
Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wtetched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high—
"*Touch not—taste not till you die!*"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4

God of mercy! hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede!
See how many bosoms bleed!
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When beneath thy gentle ray,
TEMP'RANCE all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

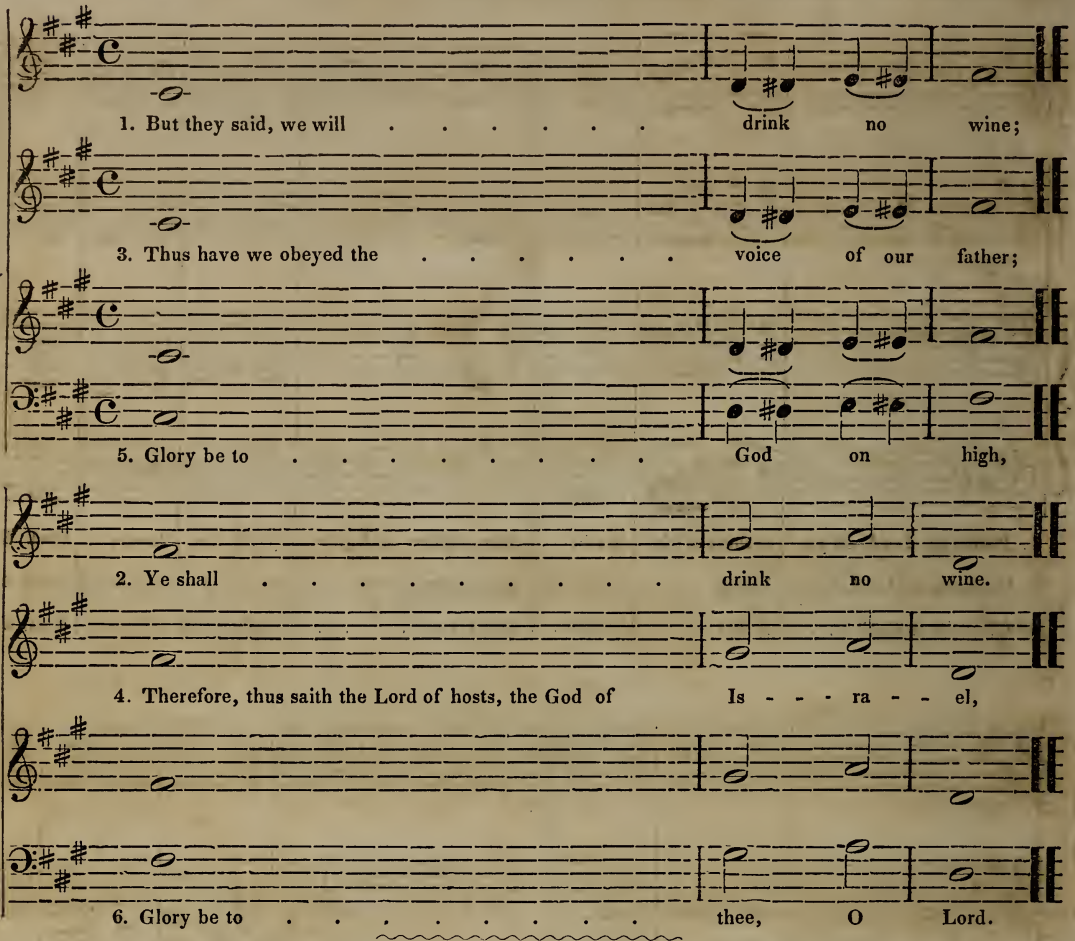
PRAISE THE LORD, ALL YE NATIONS OF THE EARTH. J. PLIMPTON.





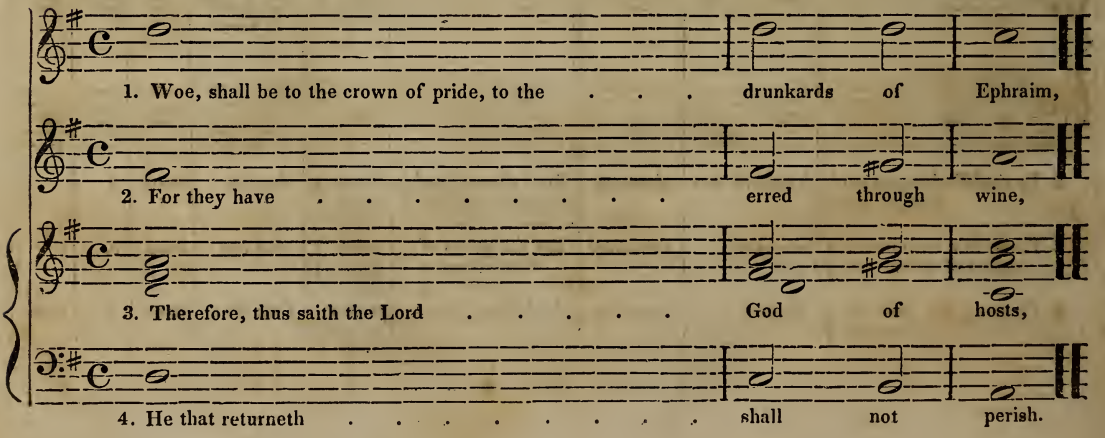
The Rechabites.

JEREMIAH, CHAP. XXXV., 6TH, 8TH, AND 19TH VERSES. ☞CONTIN-



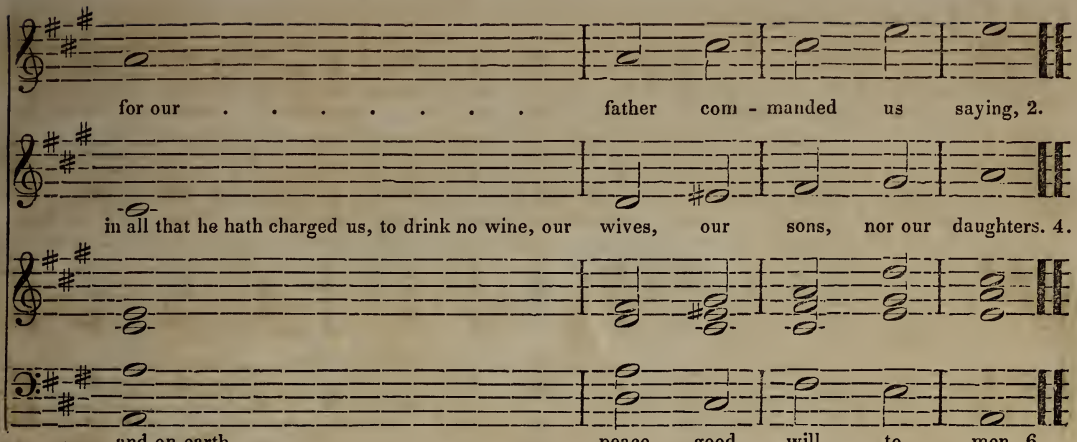
'Woe, shall be to the Crown of Pride.'

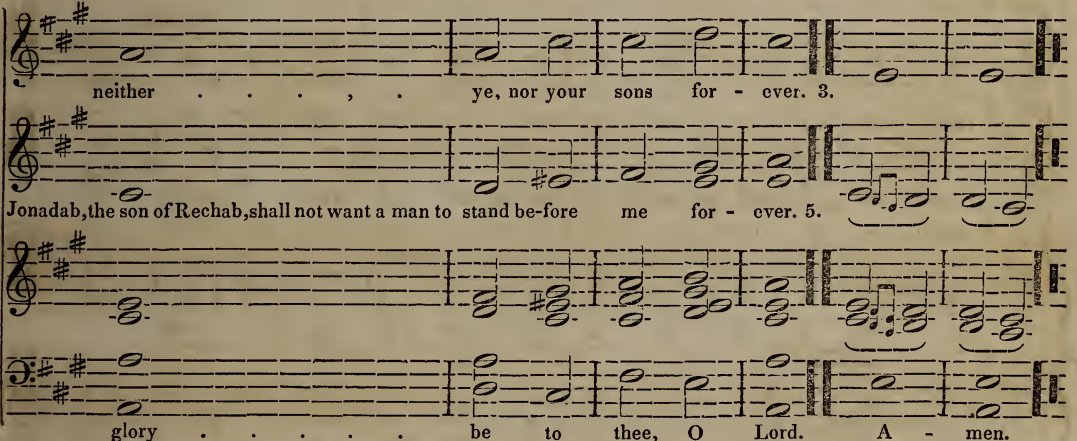
ISAIAH, CHAP. XXVIII. ☞CONTIN-



UES.

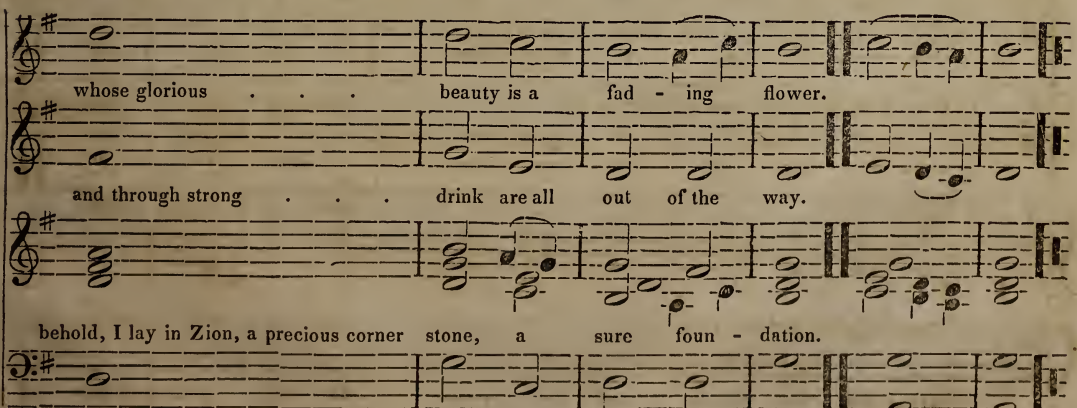
A DOUBLE CHANT, BY J. PLIMPTON.





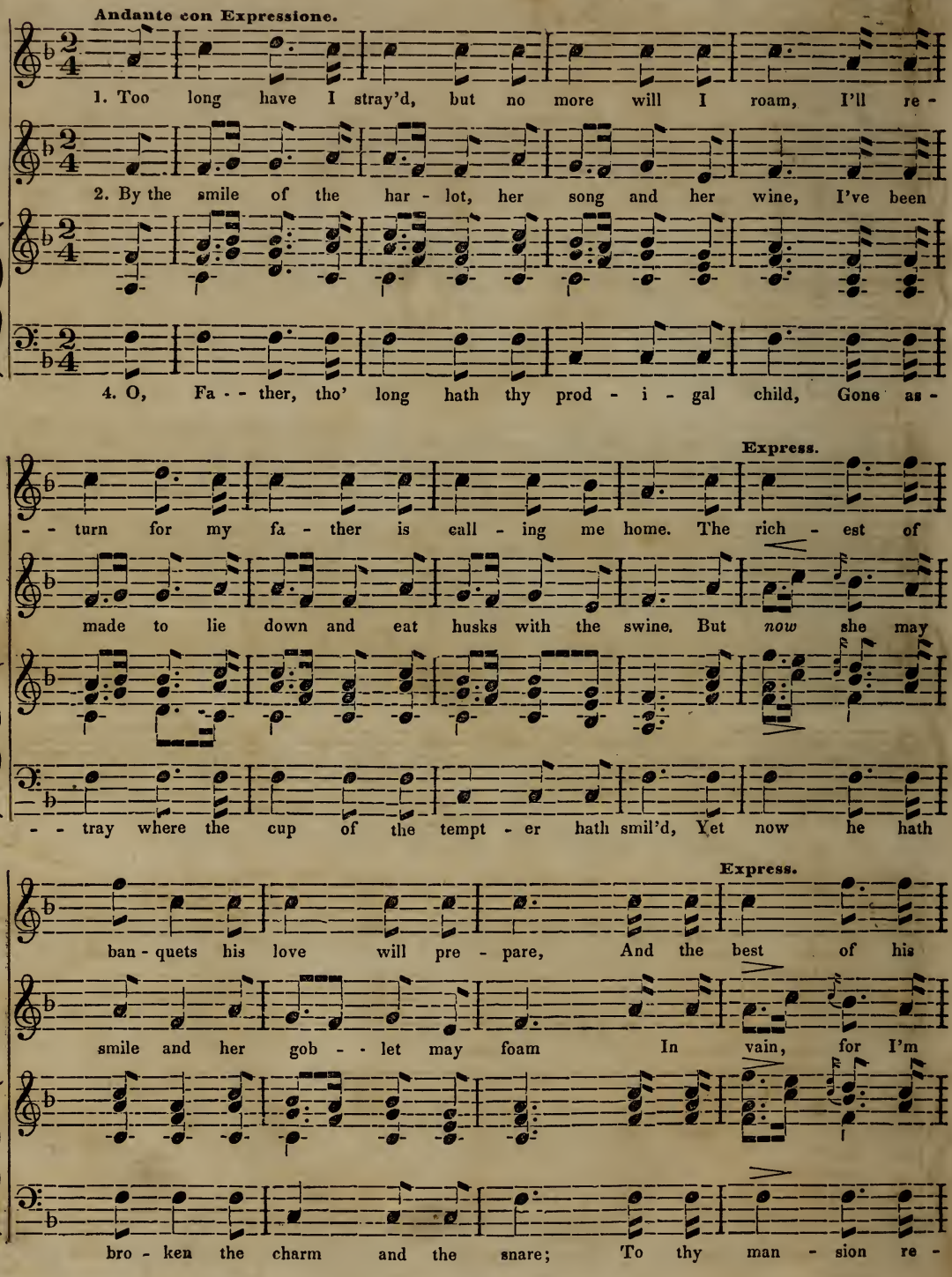
UES.

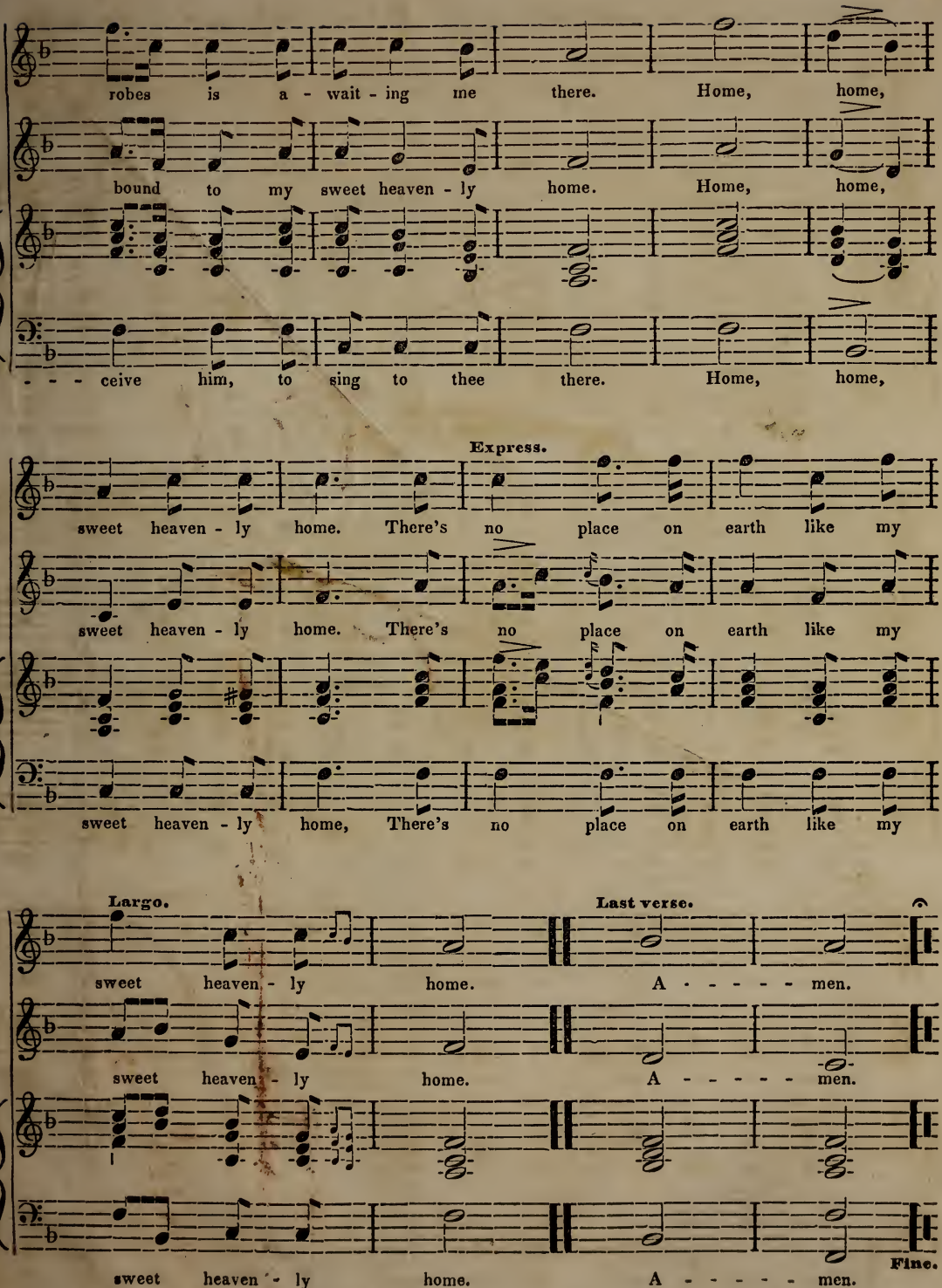
SINGLE CHANT, GREGORIAN.



The Prodigal's Return.

WRITTEN BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. HOME, SWEET HOME.—H. R. BISHOP.




robes is a - wait - ing me there. Home, home,
bound to my sweet heaven - ly home. Home, home,
- - - ceive him, to sing to thee there. Home, home,
Express.
sweet heaven - ly home. There's no place on earth like my
sweet heaven - ly home. There's no place on earth like my
sweet heaven - ly home, There's no place on earth like my
Largo.
Last verse.
sweet heaven - ly home. A - - - - - men.
sweet heaven - ly home. A - - - - - men.
sweet heaven - ly home. A - - - - - men.
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